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The BYSTANDER.

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No. 183.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 5, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

A Type of Scottish Beauty

Miss Pelham Burn, who is spending the season in London under the chaperonage of Lady Ludlow

No. 183.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Printer's Pie." (*Sphere* and *Tatler*, Ltd.: 1*s.* net.)

"Modern Thraldom." By W. Hampson. (Wells, Gardner and Darton: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Weymouth, Tenby, and Bournemouth Guides. (Health Resorts Association: Gratis.)

"The Prado." By A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Richard Elliott." By George Carling. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"Siena and Her Artists." By Frederick H. Seymour. (Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Wuthering Heights." By Emily Brontë. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Daisy and the Earl." By Constance Howell. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"A Modern Ulysses." By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Salambo." By Gustave Flaubert. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Black Tulip." By Alexandre Dumas. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Vicar of Wakefield." By Oliver Goldsmith. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"H. Beerbohm Tree." By Mrs. George Gran. (John Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 5, 1907

The Diplomatic body in Guatemala has protested against the death-sentence which has been passed on nineteen persons in that country for attempting to assassinate President Cabrera. The diplomatists seem of opinion that death is too severe a penalty for failing to assassinate the President.

* * *

Mr. Bourchier's suggestion that, when we have a National Theatre, a retired actor-manager, rather than a man of letters, should be put at the head of it, is an admirable one. For, as Mr. Bourchier pointed out, the manager who was in that position would not be at the risk of losing his own money, whatever plays he put on. He would only lose the nation's. Of course, from another point of view, it might be cheaper to offer the retired actor-manager a handsome salary, and not have a National Theatre at all.

* * *

It is Pageants, Pageants, all the way, just at present. Oxford, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Albans seem to be quivering centres of woad, and wolf-skins, and Morris-dances. Mayors are getting up the elements of history, and aldermen are turning out historical poems; while thousands of local workers have been manufacturing Roman draperies, and monks' garbs, and Elizabethan ruffs, and what not, for other thousands of local artists who are to be legionaries, and friars, and madrigal singers on the great show-days. Local children, who don't know whether Julius Cæsar married Boadicea or Queen Elizabeth, or whether it was St. Edmund or Lady Godiva that was shot to death with arrows by the Barons—those children have to hang their heads. They are not in the movement at all.

* * *

No doubt we shall get tired of Pageants in time. In the meantime, they fulfil the highest possible function: they combine instruction with amusement. The chief bother is said to be with householders, whose maid-servants are engaged in the great work. "Why is the dinner late again?" "Well, you see, cook had to rehearse her Morris-dance this afternoon." "What is that confounded noise downstairs?" "My dear, it is only Mary Anne practising madrigals." That is the sort of question and answer going on in many a peaceful provincial house. But there always will be grumblers about everything.

* * *

Presiding at a meeting of Primitive Methodists, Mr. W. P. Hartley traced whatever success he had had financially to his resolution, when commencing business, to devote systematically a given proportion of his income to the cause. Mr. Rockefeller ought to write to Mr. Hartley and find out about what the proper percentage is, and whether he deducts office expenses.

* * *

A resident has promised to place on the Ramsgate sands an Arabian camel, which was presented to him by an Arab chief. The money obtained for rides on the animal—says the *Daily News*—will be handed over to various deserving institutions. We trust these will include a Home for Sick Children and a Retreat for Weary Camels.

* * *

An old lady, who hopes to ride on the camel in the course of a visit to Ramsgate this summer, writes to ask whether, in view of the creature being known as "the ship of the desert," she ought to provide herself with a white yachting cap?

Photo *Cribb*

An Unwilling Passenger

Shipping a donkey from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight

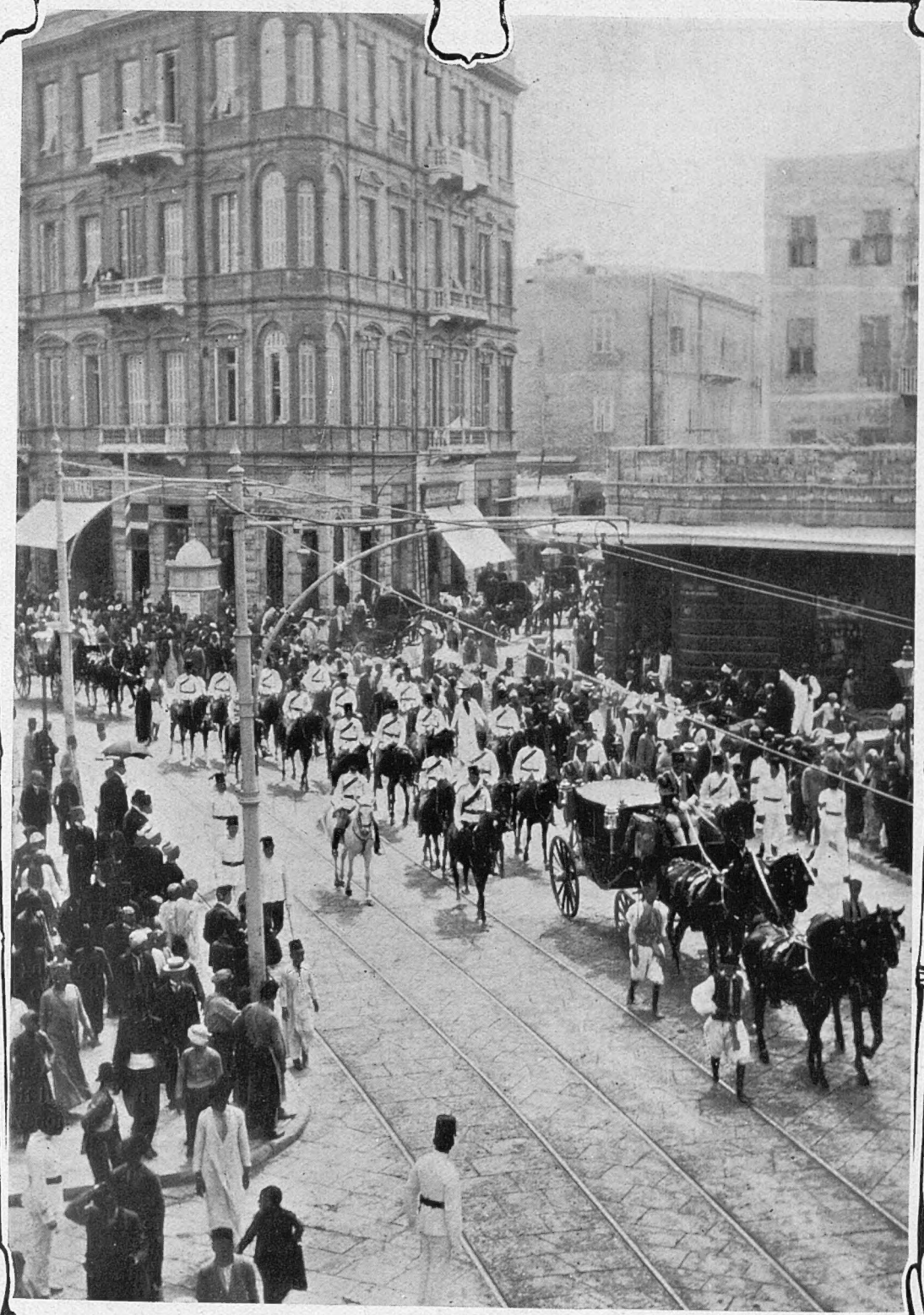
* * *

A Moneylenders' Victims' Defence Association has recently been started, and it is feared that, if it turns out to be of any practical use, moneylenders will no longer be able to leave such large sums to charities.

* * *

Russian news is difficult to follow, and why a deputy of the Duma should insult an ex-Minister for "having given an order for corn for the starving peasants to a sanitary engineer through the influence of a fashionable dressmaker" (*Morning Post*), we do not profess to understand. But certainly to order corn from a sanitary engineer *viâ* a fashionable dressmaker seems a roundabout way. Perhaps they don't have corn-chandlers in Russia.

The New Era in Egypt



Arrival of Sir Eldon Gorst in Cairo

The British Agent, in succession to Lord Cromer, was escorted by native cavalry from the station to the Residency, and was greeted with respect by the crowd which lined the streets. An idea of the modernity of the Egyptian capital is afforded by the above photograph

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Merry-Go-Round

In accordance with custom, which must be obeyed, the country being now in all the glory of its late Spring beauty, the whole of the fashionable world is in Town. The busiest week of the season is upon us, and the social merry-go-round has, at last, after many hindrances, really started whirling. To-day, at Epsom, once considered "not a ladies' meeting," every woman with any pretensions to smartness will, for once, be showing herself. To-night, the King entertains the Jockey Club to dinner at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen dines with the Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House. To-morrow, a long-delayed Court takes place, and on Friday there is the Oaks, while, to conclude the list of festivities, the arrival of the King and Queen of Denmark will necessitate much Royal entertaining.

* * *

Charity—or How to Get Into Society

Social philanthropy, in the month of roses, flourisheth exceedingly. Social climbers having, for some months past, given both time and talents to good causes, now look to reap their just reward. To run a pet charity is the fashionable craze of the *grande dame*. Few of them, however, can afford to do so without a great deal of extraneous monetary aid. So they allow the social climber, the *nouveau riche*, who is dying to get into Society, to open his or her purse-strings. In return, they bow to the captive when they meet, and send an invitation to their biggest crush. That is all. Both sides are satisfied. The great lady gets credit for philanthropy. The social aspirant gets a "way in." She converses, strictly on business, with duchesses. She bows the knee to princesses (generally minor). She sees her name coupled with both in the papers, and she makes acquaintances which, judiciously fostered and carefully gold-baited, are bound to prove, from the social climber's point of view, highly advantageous.

* * *

A Few of the Functions

The most important event of the kind to take place this season is the Queen's Fête in aid of crippled children, to be held at the Mansion House for three days next week. Her Majesty the Queen, the Ambassador of France, and the Ambassador of America are respectively to perform the opening ceremonies, and princesses (again minor), duchesses, countesses, and titled folk galore are to preside over the different stalls. Next week, also, a "Summer Fair and Spanish Market" is to be held at Prince's Skating Club in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, and a Garden Fête and Loan Exhibition in aid of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants (I did not know there were any to befriend) is opened to-day at Aubrey House, Campden Hill. Later on, that ever-energetic institution, the Dumb Friends' League, of course, has a look in with a "Country Fair" at the Botanic Gardens; and at Spencer House, by permission of Baron and Baroness de Forest, a concert is very shortly to be held in aid of the Royal Hospital for Incurables on Putney Heath. Altogether, there promises to be enough and to spare of these rather arid and ultra-feminine functions during the coming season. It is to be hoped they will be as successful as they are numerous.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Gwendolen Wilkinson

A grand-daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, one of the little girls dressed as nurses who presented purses to the Duchess of Connaught at the Rainbow Bazaar last week

* * *

A Canadian Marchioness

By the way, before leaving the subject of charity entertainments, I should include under the head of those who are indefatigable in charitable causes the Marchioness of Donegall. Her marriage to the late Lord Donegall created, it will be remembered, a mild sensation when it took place five years ago, for the bridegroom was sixty years older than the bride, and had divorced one, and buried another, wife. He had, however, no children, and the birth of the present Marquis in the following year created, as well it might, yet another mild sensation. A few months after his son's birth, the Marquis died suddenly at Brighton, and the little boy, whose photograph taken with his mother we publish, became, at the age of six months, Marquis of Donegall and the bearer of half a dozen other hereditary titles, that of Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh being one of them. Lady Donegall is the daughter of a citizen of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is very tall and of fair complexion.

Two Pretty Débutantes

Ballooning at Ranelagh

For the first time this season the beautiful grounds of Ranelagh were crowded on Saturday week for the balloon race for the Harbord Cup. Conveyances of all kinds turned up with (or without) a flourish at the Club portals, and the society was rather like the English climate. One never knew quite what to expect. Everyone clustered round the balloons just before the ascent, and not a few beautiful confections in the way of *chapeaux* (they were really more than just hats) were rendered slightly *poudré* as the energetic and forgetful aeronauts wildly flung out ballast. Lady Prinsep, who came down on a coach which immediately preceded that tooled by Lord Ludlow, looked charming in blue, and she and Mrs. Godfrey Baring, very French in the inevitable black-and-white stripe of the year, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Rube and a party, were amongst those who dined later in the club-house.

* * *

A Pretty Novelist

Mrs. Elinor Glyn looked particularly distinguished in a long clinging black gown, which showed off her wonderful hair to the very best advantage. People were curious about her book, "Three Weeks," and she was able to tell them that it really was coming out after all, and soon—next week, in fact. It was announced, it will be remembered, early in the year, but Mrs. Glyn, when she saw the proof-sheets, took fright and withdrew the book. Was it too—well—venturesome? Would the British Public stand it? She could not decide, for the subject dealt with is that discussed in Maupassant's "L'Heritage," and is no easy one for Mrs. Glyn to tackle. However, it is all right. We are going to have it, and, whether shocked or not, the aforesaid B.P. will undoubtedly flock to read it. The Duchess of Roxburghe, looking very smart for her usually rather mouse-like Grace, Mrs. Leopold Canning, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Sir Allen Young, one of the few sensible men wearing the stylish green felt hat instead of the orthodox "topper," were amongst the afternoon's visitors. The Duke of Westminster was playing polo, and the Duke of Roxburghe was helping his old Etonian four beat Ranelagh by 7 goals to 5.

Photo *Keturah Collings*

Miss Dorothy Drexel

One of the most beautiful as well as the wealthiest of the American *débutantes* of the season. Her mother, who counts the King amongst her friends, gives wonderful entertainments at her house in Carlton House Terrace

Photo *Annie Bell*

Miss Lawson

The daughter of the Hon. William Lawson, and grand-daughter of Lord Burnham, one of this season's *débutantes*

The Coaching Club Meet

At Ranelagh, last Saturday, the Ladies' Driving Competition was the *pièce de résistance*; while at Hurlingham the arrival of the Coaching Club, after their first meet of the season in Hyde Park, was followed by a Coaching Competition, Mr. Adrian Hope — that very keen *habitué* of coaching meets — helping Mr. Pelham Clinton to judge. The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club this year, at the Magazine, in Hyde Park, rather gave the lie to those croakers who have been predicting for so long that coach-driving was a lost art. There were some fine turn-outs. Lord Desborough, who last year succeeded Lord Ancaster in the presidency of the Club, never fails to put in an appearance. Last year, for some time, owing to the pouring rain, he was the only member of the Club who turned up at all at the first meeting; but Sir Edward Stern and his blue roans, Sir Lindsay Hogg and Colonel Somerset with their prize chestnuts, and Mr. Lupton with his blacks, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Ancaster, and Lord Lonsdale are other equally enthusiastic members of the Club.

* * *

Egypt Only This Journey

The launch last week of the new steamship *Heliopolis* at Govan marks an era in the history of social Egypt. Formerly, no first-class liner catered exclusively for Egyptian traffic. To get to Cairo one travelled on board a ship sailing for India, Japan, China, or Australia; and, naturally, one played second fiddle in the way of accommodation and the like to those who were taking a longer and more expensive journey. The *Heliopolis* is the first of a new line of steamers which will sail between Marseilles and Alexandria only, thus obviating the great difficulty which sometimes arose at Cairo when one had to wait days, sometimes weeks, for a vacant berth on a homeward-bound vessel, and also adding to the comfort of passengers by catering for the shorter journey only. Egypt, with this new convenience for her service, will be more than ever within the reach of those favoured ones of the earth who follow the sunshine. The only wonder is that no one has thought of it before.

A Little Lord High Admiral

Photo *Lafayette*

The Little Marquis of Donegall and his Mother

The four-year-old Marquis of Donegall, who succeeded to the title three years ago, is hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle. His mother, who is a Canadian by birth, married the late Marquis, who was sixty years older than herself, five years ago, and though he had been married twice previously, the present Marquis is his only child

A Stage and Society Wedding

Miss Pelham Burn

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The subject of our frontispiece, Miss Kathy Pelham Burn, stands lonely amongst her countrywomen. For she is a beauty, and Scotland is proverbially niggardly where the bestowal of so fatal a gift on her daughters is concerned. The only unmarried daughter of a well-known and popular Edinburgh family, Miss Burn has already, says Rumour, done her fair share of "ensnaring with a single hair." Oddly enough, her presence in Edinburgh has often enough been simultaneous with the attendance in his constituency of the noble Member for Mid-Lothian, and the gossips, who ever know, have lately coupled her name with that other prize *parti*, Lord Howard de Walden, for no other reason, however, than that Lady Ludlow, his mother, has been chaperoning her. It is, to come to facts, in one of her own countrymen that the beautiful Miss Burn is chiefly interested. He is a scion of that great Scotch house whose motto is *Ne Oubliez*, and they (his family) seem to be carrying it out to the letter, for it is said they cannot forget that the Pelham Burn family is, as it were, "modern." Glorious blue eyes, a perfect complexion, quite the best in London, and no uncertain wit, however, are no slight weapons with which to meet family prejudice, so we shall see what we shall see.

Photo *Ketura Collings*

Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy

It is probable that theatrical and business, as well as social, London will assemble at St. George's, Hanover Square, to-morrow (6th) for the wedding of Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, stepson of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. Lady Dorothy is the daughter of the Earl of Cranbrook

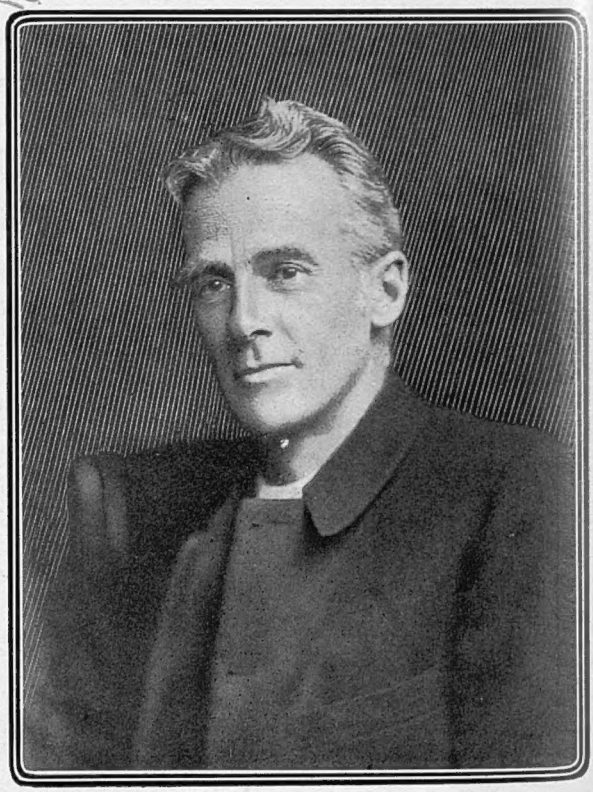
* * *

The Fourth at Eton

To-day is the morning after the night before at Eton. A melancholy, not of repletion, but of insufficiency, has settled down on the inmates. The gates of Paradise have opened and are shut again. "Saying Lessons," "History Q's," "Construes," "Math," "Extra Works," and "Private Business," have taken the place of speeches, lunch, boats, strawberry mess, and fireworks, and all agree that

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

The Head is just the Head again. He is no more the genial host of yesterday. One's hat is no longer flower-decked. Life is a dreary blank, scarcely to be tolerated, hardly to be endured. As I write, may I say, the Fourth of June is not yet? This is but intelligent anticipation. It is to be feared, however, that, in so far as the weather is concerned, this Fourth will scarcely be so perfect as was the last. Then it

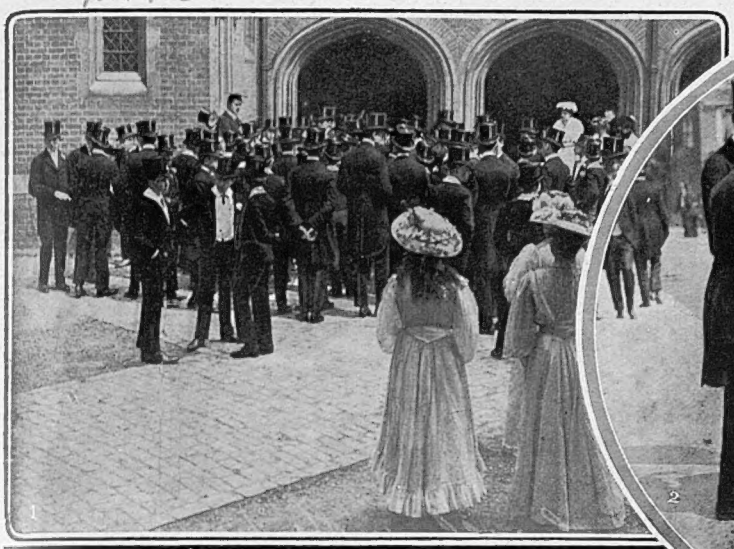


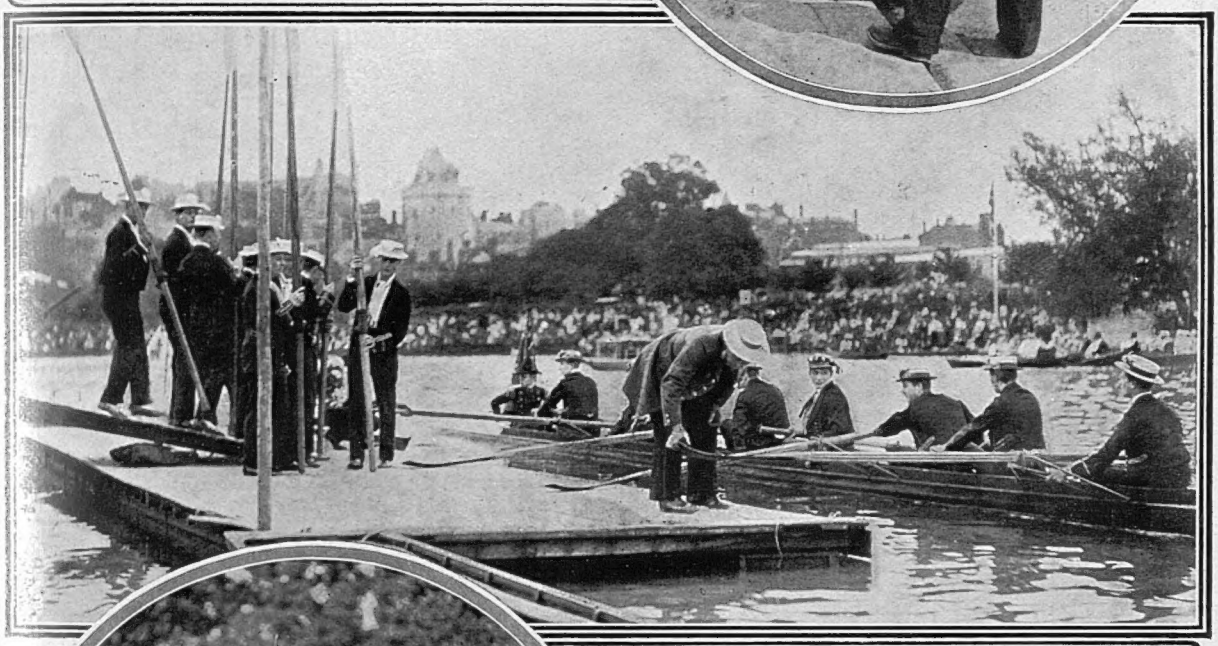
Photos *H. W. Barnett*

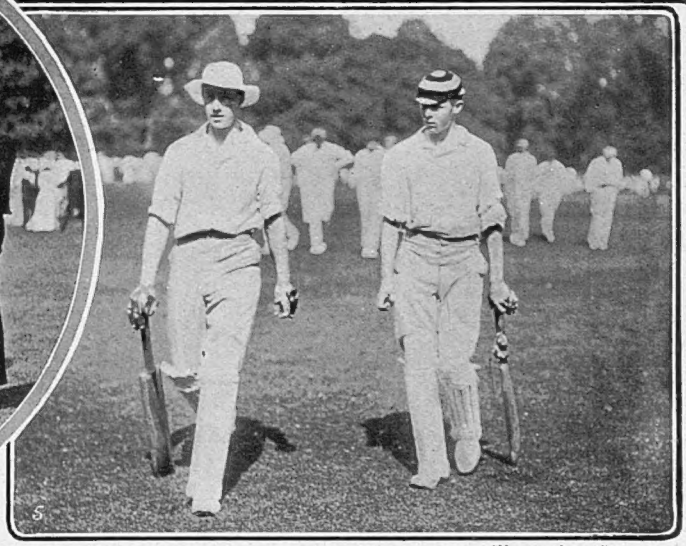
THE "FOURTH" AT ETON

Mrs. and the Rev. Edward Lyttelton (headmaster), hosts of the gay assemblage of guests at yesterday's great festival

The "Fourth" at Eton







Photos 1 and 2 by *Illustrations Bureau*

(1) The morning roll-call on the "Fourth"

(2) Buying flowers in the Windsor streets for button-hole and straw-hat decoration

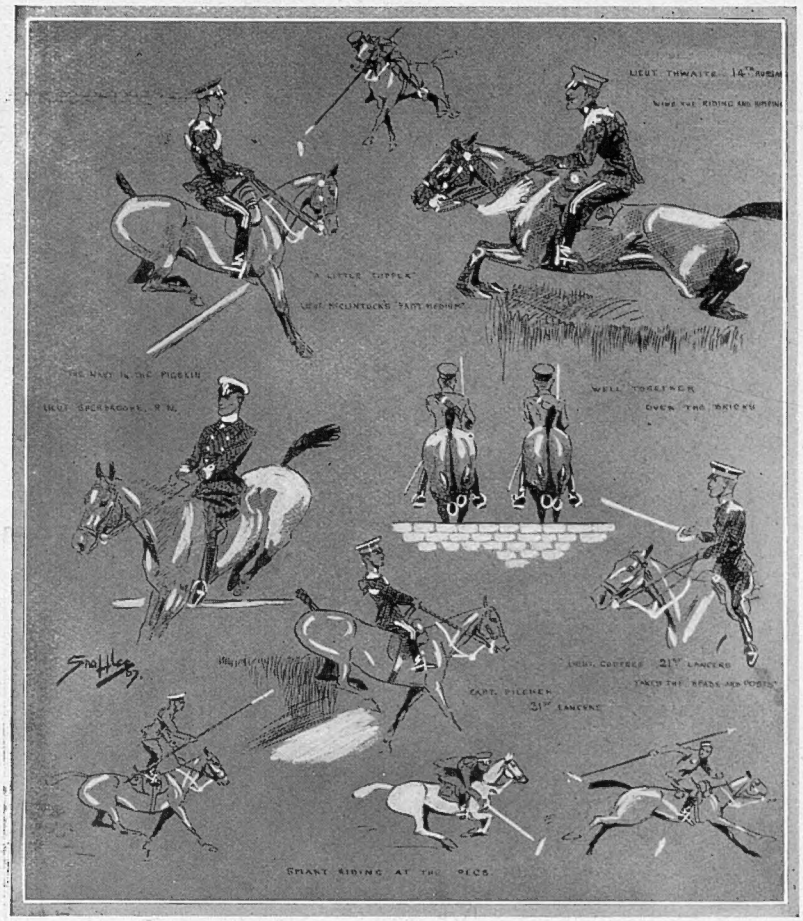
(3) Getting ready for the Procession of Boats

(4) The visitors chatting during the interval at the cricket match

(5) "Last man out," and end of the match

Two of the most interesting events at the Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton are always the cricket match with New College, Oxford, and the Procession of Boats. At this famous water-pageant, the crews of the ten boats are dressed according to the semi-naval tradition which has obtained for more than a century. Flower-bedecked straw hats and huge buttonholes are also the fashion on the "Fourth" among the boys

Wonderful Blooms at the Temple Show



Some attitudes at the Royal Military Tournament, which concluded last week at Olympia

(By "Snaffles")

was held on the Sixth, to avoid Bank Holiday, and was the most glorious within the memory of man. The sun shone, the skies were blue, the low-lying fields round the old town were mantled royally in green and gold, the fireworks awoke enthusiasm in even the most *blasé* of old boys, and in every corner of the High Street, the School yard, the Cloisters, and the Upper Court, pretty frocks and prettier faces did honour to the festal day.

* * *

The Head

For the second time only, Canon Lyttelton presides as Head. But at how many Fourths has he taken part in other, and lesser, capacities? In the late 'sixties, when Eton was a very different place, he first entered the school. Though a Lyttelton, and, by the same token, a cricketer born, he remained for two years in comparative obscurity. In those days, only a hundred and twenty out of some seven hundred and fifty boys could play cricket of an afternoon. The rest loafed. There was nothing else to do. One day young Lyttelton, with a bat, won sudden fame. He made runs for the Twenty-two against the Eleven, and obscurity withdrew from him for ever. The very next year he was in the Eleven itself, in '74 he was captain, and, four years later, he was playing with A. G. Steel in the Cambridge Eleven. To-day he rules supreme where once, so the tale goes, he wept over Euripides; and his prowess as a cricketer is, perhaps, in part the secret of that sympathy which exists between him and his boys. He now plays cricket no more. Scenery, golf, and music are his recreations—vegetarianism, early rising, and plenty of water his weaknesses; but he is never a fanatic, and every boy, as well as every man, in the Head's opinion, is welcome to his own ideas on such subjects. Mrs. Lyttelton is the daughter of the Very Rev. John West, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

* * *

The Temple Flower Show—Wonderful Orchids

The chief feature at this year's Temple Flower Show, held on May 28, 29, and 30, was, undoubtedly, the wonderful collection of orchids, worth, it was said, well over £100,000. Among the exhibitors were such well-known firms as Messrs. Sander, Veitch, Bull, and Cypher, and also several private growers. It was to one of the latter—Major Holford—that the silver-gilt cup for the best exhibit in the whole show was awarded. In the exhibit of Mr. Jeremiah Colman, which was scarcely inferior to it, was a very effective group of epidendrons—a new variety raised by its owner, and named after his property, Gatton Glory. The fact that a Renanthera carried a spike of flowers over twenty feet in length will give some idea of the remarkable quality of the plants generally. A single orchid—a white variety of Miltonia vexillaria—was valued at a thousand guineas. At such plants as these the ordinary person gazed with much the same feelings as boys gaze through a pastrycook's window at the dainties which are utterly beyond their reach.

* * *

Fine Plants and Novelties

But there were plenty of good things more easily attainable, for the plants generally were of exceptionally high merit, and good novelties were numerous. Messrs. Veitch showed a very attractive hardy primula—Cockburniana—deep brick-red, and their eremuri, with tall, stately spikes densely packed from bottom to top with flowers of different colours, are sure to render this *genus* more popular than ever. The yellow flowers of Meconopsis integrifolia, a poppy-like plant which their collector originally obtained in the Far East, were also greatly admired. Melrosideros floribunda, shown by Messrs. Hugh Low, bears flowers of a deep rose-red, shaped exactly like bottle-brushes. To those who had not previously seen the newer Oriental poppies, the collection on Messrs. Godfrey's stand must have been a revelation, for the

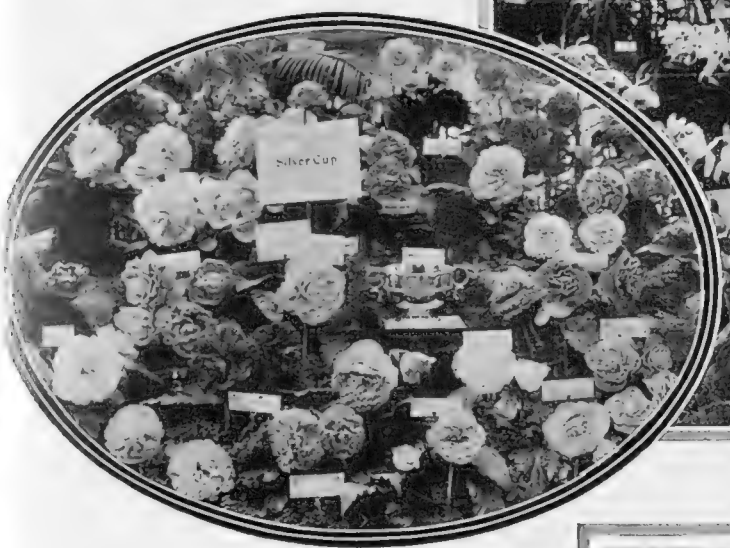
A Page of Fair Flowers

SOME OF THE NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THE TEMPLE SHOW

SANDER'S ORCHIDS

BULL AND SON'S ORCHIDS
Odontoglossums

VEITCH'S ORCHIDS



WARE'S BEGONIAS

WALTER'S RHODODENDRONS

CUTBUSH'S ROCKERY

Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

The chief feature of the Temple Flower Show, held last week, was the wonderful collection of orchids, said to be worth £100,000. Several novelties were shown, and the Exhibition was crowded to inconvenience every day. The Cup for the best exhibit in the whole Show was won by Major Holford, the King's Equerry

Two Notable Noble Scions

huge flowers were of almost every imaginable shade. The newer columbines or aquilegias were shown in great numbers by many different firms, notably by Messrs. Dobbie, of Rothesay, and Baker, of Wolverhampton, and with their long spurs and delicate colours they looked very beautiful. The violas were represented by single flowers spread flat on paper—an inartistic way of showing them—but they were very fine.

* * *

Some Sweet Examples

A cream-coloured flower, lightly edged with blue—Mary Burnie by name—on Messrs. Dobbie's stand, was especially charming. Messrs. Ware's begonias were magnificent, one of the finest lots shown for a long time. But perhaps nothing attracted more admiration than Messrs. Cutbush's rock and water plants, the whole arrangement being perfect. As usual, the rhododendrons and azaleas were a feature of the show, and the great banks of colour caught the eye afar, even when a dense stream of humanity flowed between. There were, indeed, two difficulties in the way of seeing the flowers — firstly, the vast numbers of them packed in a comparatively small space; and secondly, the vast numbers of people struggling to look at them. One emerged rather battered from the tents; but, fortunately, the weather was cool, and outside the music of Lieutenant Charles Godfrey's band soon restored one's equanimity.

* * *

The Yachting Season

Cowes week, this year, promises brilliantly. The King and Queen will make the Royal yacht their headquarters for ten days. The German Emperor is expected, and, if he comes, will attend the R.Y.S. dinner at the Castle on August 6. Princess Henry of Battenberg will be in residence at Osborne, and it is quite on the cards that the King and Queen of Spain will come up on the *Giralda* to pay her a private visit. At Carisbrooke Castle, where, during Cowes week, an historical pageant is to take place, it is hoped very much that the German Emperor will really attend the Regatta. For his Imperial Majesty simply loves displays of this sort, and one, at any rate, of the scenes should interest him, for it will depict his ancestor, the ill-fated Charles I., a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, playing bowls before his trial and execution.

Mr. George Montagu

An authority on everything connected with locomotive engineering. He represented South Huntingdon in the Conservative interest from 1900 to 1906, and is the nephew and second heir-presumptive of the Earl of Sandwich

Photos *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Ronaldshay

Conservative Candidate for Hornsey, and the son and heir of the Marquis of Zetland. He was A.D.C. to Lord Curzon in India, and has published two books on sport and travel in the East

In the Solent

With the regatta of the Castle Yacht Club at Calshot, last week, the Solent yachting season opened. The Castle Yacht Club is, of course, the most fashionable sailing club in the Solent, its members including, as at Bembridge, a large number of ladies. It was the Bembridge Club, by the way, which, though it has no monopoly therein, started the idea of having red-sailed boats, and lovers of the picturesque should consequently be grateful. One of the prettiest among all the pretty sights which greet the eye on a fine sunny morning on the Solent is a fleet of these gay little red-wings. They skim over the green waves like restless scarlet butterflies, and, by contrast, make their larger, white-winged brothers-in-arms appear solemn as battleships.

* * *

A Future Peer and His Book

Mr. George Montagu, whose book on "Ten Years of Locomotive Progress" has just been published, is an old Wykehamist, a son of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, a cousin of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and second heir-presumptive to his uncle, the Earl of Sandwich. He has a frank, open face, and a very good figure, and his partiality for all matters pertaining to Railway Locomotion is only equalled by his keenness for golf. He went, I believe, through the workshops at Basingstoke, he delights to drive an engine, and he represented South Huntingdon in Parliament in the last Government. His wife is an American, the daughter of Mrs. Leggett, of Brook Street. She is a beautiful dancer, and at her wedding, two years ago, struck a note of originality by having her bridesmaids all in pure white, and wearing veils of tulle over a coronet of green leaves, just as she did herself.

* * *

The Leander Club

A picture of great interest alike to frequenters of the Thames, Thames oarsmen, and followers of rowing generally, is now on view at Messrs. Dickinson's galleries in New Bond Street. It is a large canvas showing the enclosure of the Leander Club at Henley alive with figures well known in the rowing world. There are nearly 250 figures, each a portrait which may be at once recognised, for the likenesses are excellent. The engraving to be made from the painting should become very popular.

The Tourist Trophy Race

MANX MOTOR RACING IN UNFAVOURABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS

The Rover Car *Photos* *Topical Agency*

The winner of the Trophy

A Striking Photograph: Three cars descending the famous Kirkmichael Dip

Despite the best possible arrangements, so far as the race itself was concerned, the event was spoilt by the weather, for the day was cold, misty, and rainy, and the roads were so bad that the heavy cars were each allowed an extra supply of petrol. Of the twenty-two starters, only two cars finished—the winning Rover and the Beeston-Humber—many of them running out of petrol. The Rover made the distance in 8 hrs. 23 min., maintaining an average of about 33 miles per hour, the length of the course being 241 miles. In our photograph the leading car is a Thorneycroft, the second is the Darracq, and in the rear is the Arrol-Johnston

Golf Notes and Notions

The Amateur Championship

The Amateur Championship of 1907 will long be remembered for the closeness of many of the matches in the earlier rounds, for the atrocious weather on the final day, and last, but not least, for the brilliant victory of that superb golfer, Mr. John Ball. From the moment that Mr. Ball had won his first round against that old antagonist of his, Mr. John Laidlay, I felt certain that he would go very far, and that he would most probably win outright. It was a grand duel to watch, and the two players gave one of the finest displays of golf on both sides ever seen in a match in the Amateur Championship. Pressure of time prevents my now going into the details of that remarkable struggle. Mr. Ball had to get something back from Mr. Laidlay, who beat him last year in an early round of this same tournament at Hoylake. It was conceivable that Mr. Laidlay would repeat the performance this year, but I very much doubt whether he would have shown the same lasting qualities as Mr. Ball. The difference between these two players is this, that while there is nothing to choose as between their qualities as players, yet Mr. Ball will play the same fine game against an inferior as against an equal antagonist, while Mr. Laidlay will sometimes fail against an admittedly inferior player. Therefore, if I say that the result of this early match between these veteran antagonists settled the destination of this year's Amateur Championship, I must be understood in this sense, namely, that the final result depended on Mr. Ball's winning this opening match. Having done this, he could be depended on to put up the same quality of game, more or less, against all subsequent opponents.

The Victor and Some Opponents

His closest match, curiously enough, was against his weakest opponent, Mr. Bell, a North Devon player, who produced some extraordinary putting, raking the ball in from all points of the green, and hunting his great opponent right home to the last hole. After this, Mr. Ball had a fairly tough match with that rising young player, Mr. Gaunt, of Huddersfield, who established his position by putting up such an excellent fight in the fourth round. Mr. Ball next disposed of Mr. C. K. Hutchison by some very brilliant golf, and then met Mr. Guy Campbell in the semi-final. This match proved most interesting and exciting, although the golf, owing to the inclement conditions of driving rain and bitter cold wind, was not of the highest order. Mr. Ball had a very narrow squeak of losing this match, as, by common consent, Mr. Campbell had the best of the game and should have won had he only taken the many opportunities which his superior play gave him. The crisis in this match occurred at the seventh hole, where Mr. Ball, being then two down, had pulled his second into the Eden, while Mr. Campbell, with a grand second, was about fifteen yards from the hole. Mr. Ball made an extraordinary recovery with a beautiful pitch and a noble putt, while his disconcerted antagonist failed to get down in four, and so lost a hole which he looked like winning, and which he ought most certainly to have halved. This recovery gave the older player a "breather," and enabled him to hang on to his brilliant young opponent, who by some loose putting at the twelfth and fifteenth holes, and by some unlucky shots at the sixteenth and seventeenth holes, lost a match which he ought, on the day's play, to have won.

The Final

In the final the weather conditions were even worse than those of the previous day, and it reflects enormous credit on both Mr. Ball and Mr. Palmer that they should have risen superior to these adverse circumstances and given a display of golf worthy of the great occasion. Mr. Ball, after a hard fight in the morning, won pretty comfortably in the afternoon, and finally secured the Cup and the Gold Medal by six holes and four to play. As the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club well said when presenting Mr. Ball with the Medal, Mr. Ball owed his victory to his splendid putting, the department of his game which has much worried him in these last few years. This year he had abandoned his curious and cramped interlocked grip, and had reverted to a more natural hold and a more comfortable stance. He missed very few short putts, and was extremely deadly with his long ones.

A Popular Win

His victory was a most popular one, as everyone in the golfing world, whether English or Scottish, loves and respects one of the most gallant, modest, and sportsmanlike players that ever handled a club. He has at length achieved a victory on the St. Andrews links, where he last competed twelve years ago. This leaves only Muirfield among Championship courses where victory has been denied him. But what a record is his! He has competed twenty times, has won six times, been in the final nine times, and in one year (1890) won both the Amateur and Open Championships. I lay my humble tribute of praise at his feet, and am assuredly voicing the wishes of his innumerable admirers when I wish him many more years of success in the arena which he has so brilliantly adorned during the last twenty years.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

In "Golf Notes and Notions" of our issue of April 10, it was stated that Messrs. Nisbet and Co. had "secured an injunction restraining the Golf Agency from publishing or selling a book called "The Golfer's Handbook and Year Book," whereas the injunction was obtained to restrain the publication or sale of the book in question containing biographical notes taken or colourably altered from Messrs. Nisbet's book called *The Golfer's Year Book*. We are pleased to make this correction, and regret that any omission on our part may have caused a wrong impression.

Amateur Golf Championship

THE SCENE AND SOME PLAYERS AT ST. ANDREWS

John Ball
The winner, driving

C. A. Palmer
Runner-up in the Final

Guy Campbell
Driving from the first tee in the Semi-Final

R. Harris, Driving

Mr. John Ball (on the left), the winner of the Cup and Gold Medal, putting at the eighteenth green

It was largely to the excellence of his putting that Mr. Ball owed his victory—the sixth he has won—which was by six holes and four to play

Lawn Tennis

SOME IDIOSYNCRASIES

"R. F." the Unruffled

R. F. Doherty is a model of unruffled calmness and serenity in his play

At Leicester

OF WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS

It has been truly said that there is no game at which the looker-on gets more fun for his money than lawn tennis, and the fact that this is being gradually found out by the public at large accounts in no small measure for the way in which the game is going ahead nowadays, for, however good a game may be, it cannot really be said to flourish so long as it appeals only to those who take an active part in it. There are many such games which are little understood or discussed, except by those who actually play them, and there was a period when lawn tennis came in this category. But things have entirely changed of late. As far back as March last people were applying in vain for reserved seats for the forthcoming Championship Meeting at Wimbledon, and for the Leicester Tournament last week all the seats in the covered stand had been sold several days before the commencement of play. Lawn tennis is a good game to watch, not only because it is a fine sport in itself, full of variety and incident, and, so long as the players are reasonably skilful, never dull, but also because one watches it from close at hand, and can note the demeanour of the players; the expression on their faces; the little gestures and ejaculations which sometimes accompany the making of a good or a bad stroke; any distinctive features in their dress; and so on, even unto the nature and extent of the refreshment with which they restore exhausted Nature.

Miss Sutton's Strenuousness

At Leicester last week, Miss May Sutton, the leading lady player of the United States, commenced her third consecutive season in English lawn tennis. Everyone is pleased to see her in England again, and Leicester people deemed themselves particularly fortunate in getting the first look at her. Miss Sutton is the embodiment of good-tempered strenuousness and pluck. Americans do things for the most part well, because they do them with their whole heart and soul, and when Miss Sutton starts playing you say at once, "Here is a girl whose whole heart and soul is in the game." There is an air of defiance in the way in which she tosses back her hair from off her temples, which betokens determination; while the stern, almost frowning, expression on her face means absolute concentration upon the work in hand. You may perhaps think, just at first, that she takes life rather too seriously, or even that she is not particularly good-tempered. You will, however, be undeceived as soon as a pause takes place in the play and

The Leicester Tournament: Miss May Sutton (in the foreground) playing Miss Eastlake Smith

Taken specially for "The Bystander"

Strenuousness: Miss May Sutton

This young American player is the embodiment of good-tempered strenuousness and pluck in her play. She began her third consecutive season in England at the Leicester Tournament last week

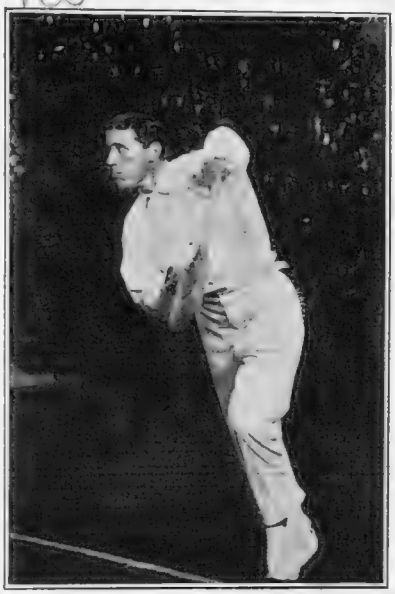
something causes her to smile, for hers is the smile of the light-hearted, good-tempered person who enjoys life and the funny things thereof. Sometimes, as the game proceeds and the fight becomes desperate, she will gasp or sigh quite audibly as she strikes the ball, and you will think that, poor girl, she is quite tired out. Not a bit of it. She is probably at least as fresh as her opponent, and these half-suppressed cries merely indicate the presence of a store of pent-up energy, which must not be allowed to expend itself too freely on any particular stroke.

Brookes's Pertinacity

The other of the two most distinguished visitors to Leicester last week, Norman Brookes, the Australian champion (who is by no means unlikely to be English champion, too, before very long), is also a player of the strenuous type. When he came first to England two years ago it was remarked that he wore a blue blanket coat in place of the conventional white, and that he played with a very slack racket—irreverently termed a fishing net. But what most impressed the onlooker was the tremendous energy and determination of his whole mien and the way these attributes found expression in his play—particularly in that wonderful service of his the outcome of diligent practice combined with complete physical fitness. It was this that caused people to go and watch him, and talk about him, in preference, say, to the Americans, who proved themselves to be equally fine players; and I am prepared to bet that his play and Miss Sutton's will be the chief attraction at Wimbledon.

"R.F.," the Unruffled

By way of contrast, go and watch the two Dohertys, still, in the opinion of many, the two best players in England. They, and "R.F." in particular, are the incarnation of unruffled calmness and serenity. The game, as played by "R.F." looks easy, and when he fails



Pertinacity: Norman Brookes

The Australian (and possible English) champion is another player of the strenuous type. He usually plays with a very loosely strung racket—irreverently termed a fishing net

over a return you wonder what can possibly be wrong. But it is only because he is so quick and so clever at anticipating the direction and nature of his opponent's strokes that he does not appear to be in a hurry. The effort is there all the same, but you do not notice that it is being made, and the fact that he is not particularly strong in health has, probably, assisted in the development of a style which, at any rate, appears to reduce effort to a minimum. In the matter of dress, the Dohertys are always conspicuous for the neatness with which they are turned out. It is due to them that white ducks have so largely superseded white flannels in court, and the fashion of not rolling up one's shirt-sleeves, which is so prevalent, was started by them.

And Some Others

While on this subject, I may mention that Miss Eastlake Smith enjoys the enviable reputation of being the smartest and best dressed of all our lady players; and, as she possesses an extremely graceful style as well, the *tout ensemble*—even when she is darting about the court in the throes of a prolonged and exhausting rally—is dainty in the extreme. The fact that she has (perhaps unconsciously) acquired R. F. Doherty's little trick of slightly raising the left foot from the ground as she throws up the ball to serve may be taken as an indication that she means to be a Champion of England, too, one of these days. Miss Pinckney, who can give points to most men in the matter of staying power, and will seldom own to feeling tired, lives almost entirely on bread and fruit, and does not take her first meal until after midday. Mrs. Hillyard is one of the very few players who wear gloves while playing. Her husband, G. W. Hillyard, has seldom if ever been known to wear any other colours but those of the M.C.C., and the manner in which he throws the ball up when serving, as well as the extreme height to which he throws it, are quite distinctive.

H. S. Scrivener.

Daintiness: Miss Eastlake Smith

She enjoys the reputation of being the smartest and best dressed of all our lady players

Photos specially taken for "The Bystander"

Racing: The Derby and The Oaks. BY "CARBINE"

The Derby's Supremacy

All roads lead to Epsom on Derby Day, and the popularity of the world's premier race does not diminish as the years roll on. It is a religion with many people not to miss the Derby, and though the record held by the Epsom veteran whose photograph will be found on another page is practically unassailable, there are plenty of men who can boast of having seen the race thirty and even forty times. In spite of the extortionate sums charged for the comfortless enclosures, in spite of the wholly inadequate commissariat arrangements, in spite of the amazing inconvenience of getting from the stands to the paddock, in spite, in short, of the many things in the meeting grumbled about every year, we continue unfailingly to put in an appearance, and we shall all be there when Slieve Gallion wins on Wednesday. But will it be Slieve Gallion? Ah! that is just the question which everyone is asking. Some say Galvani can't be beaten. Others go for Orby, or Woolwinder, or Bezonian. Perhaps, to crown all, some wretched outsider will turn up, of whom nobody has thought. It is the uncertainty of racing which makes it so fascinating. If it were all cut-and-dried, if we could say that this horse would be first, that one second, the other third, knowing positively that it would be so, where would be the excitement, where the fun, where, indeed, the necessity for racing at all?

Slieve Gallion and Galvani

We have already had one great thrill in connection with the race. Papers sold quicker than hot cakes ever sold when they came out with the startling heading "Accident to the Derby Favourite!" on Friday last. It was a scare of the most stirring kind, and the individual who first put about the false report deserves the thanks of the proprietors of the halfpenny evening Press. Within a few hours came the usual "official contradiction." Slieve Gallion had not "gone wrong," and we breathed again. He has scarcely maintained his price, but this was foreshadowed in these columns on May 22, for I expected that the commission on Galvani, which was about to be "placed," would certainly have its effect upon the favourite's price. As I mentioned last week, Major Loder and his trainer are well satisfied with Galvani, and they have backed him accordingly. But I do not believe much in the horses Galvani has been tried with. Clearly there can be no analogy between Galvani and Spearmint, for the latter was galloped with the wonderful Pretty Polly, and proved nearly as good as her at weight for age.

Will the Favourite Stay the Course?

What we would all like to know for certain is whether any reliance can be placed in the Middle Park Plate running? We saw Galvani beat Slieve Gallion fairly and squarely enough. But horses are not machines. They are not always at the top of their form. And there is reason to believe that Captain Greer's colt did not do himself full justice on this occasion. I consider Slieve Gallion will stay quite well enough for the Epsom course, and though it is often dangerous to place one's own ideas against the cold reasoning of public form, I think we shall be justified in this instance. Galvani's trainer was disappointed in the display of Weathercock at Hurst Park on Saturday, for he ran a very long way below Derby form, and his downfall does not improve Galvani's chances.

What the Result May Be

But there are others to be considered. The Frenchmen can safely be left out of the reckoning until they appear at Epsom. From Newmarket, however, come two dangerous candidates in Bezonian and Woolwinder, and I hear from a reliable source that the last named is warmly fancied by Colonel Baird. We cannot back them all, however, and my special selection for a "win and place" investment is the Irish colt, Orby. Right back in April I chose him as the best of the Derby outsiders. He then stood at 25 to 1, so that BYSTANDER readers who backed him then can congratulate themselves, for it is difficult to get 9 to 1 about him now. The following is my Derby forecast: **Slieve Gallion, 1; Orby, 2; Galvani, 3.**

Witch Elm and the Oaks

For the Oaks I incline strongly in favour of the winner of the One Thousand, who, no doubt, will be a warm favourite; and who can wonder? For her success at Newmarket was most impressive, and were it not for the fact that we often see astounding changes of form among three-year-old fillies, it would be impossible to believe that Witch Elm will ever be beaten on even terms by any of those then behind her. Last year, Mr. George Lambton showed us a marvellously improved filly in Keystone II.; this week he may possibly have another in Altitude. Silver Heeled will probably run better on Friday than she did at Newmarket, for she was completely off colour then, while Maya is also certain to do better over the longer course. But I do not anticipate defeat for **Witch Elm,** and the places behind her may be filled by MAYA and ALTITUDE.

Other Selections for Epsom

On Thursday, the Coronation Cup is an event of the first importance. Mr. Hall Walker will need to have plenty of confidence in **Polar Star** to oppose him to such champions as Velocity, Polymelus, Troutbeck, Beppo, and Challacombe at weight for age; but I think the three-year-old is good enough for the task. In his absence, I should choose Velocity. On the same day, the Durdans Plate may be won by **Succour,** and the Royal Stakes by **Meadow Rue.** The Acorn Stakes, on Friday, may be taken by **Quiniana.** There will be a pleasant meeting at Kempton Park on Saturday, when the Redfern Plate should be won by **Llangwm.**

THE DERBY (ILLUSTRATED).
See this week's GRAPHIC.

Coaching Club Meet

THE PRESIDENT LEADS THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE PARK

Lord Desborough Driving his Fine Bays

The scene on Saturday, at the Hyde Park Magazine, was brilliant, brief sunshine favouring the function. Lord Desborough, the President of the Club, led the way, accompanied by Lady Desborough and his two daughters, Viscount Melgund, and Mr. R. Grenfell

A Successful New Comedy

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Society and "First-Nighting"

Some seven years ago, when first it fell to my lot to attend the first night of a new production as the representative of a newspaper, signs were not wanting that the function was one graced by the presence of Society with a large S. There was that electric thrill in the air which is produced by the Unknown drawing the attention of each other in ecstatic whispers to the presence among them of the Known. Between the acts, the exquisitely dressed stood up, swept the house with unembarrassed gaze, and greeted their friends in the easy manner born of long practice. The laughter, the visiting, the chatter around me, all pointed to the fact that one's neighbours belonged to a world other than that of the theatre. When people discussed the play, the freshness of their point of view and their limited vocabulary marked them as belonging to a set which had not made a very exhaustive study of the drama. When they discussed the players, their statements were characterised by the wildest inaccuracies. I have heard tragedians belauded for their past performances in farcical comedy; comedians pitied for their failures to rise to the heights of tragedy; actors, managers, playwrights, fathers and sons, husbands and wives, all jumbled together in a tangle, from which there was no extricating them. The members of the audience, by their dress and general appearance, no less than by their conversation, betrayed at every point the fact that they were gathered together by their desire not to see the play, but to be present at a Society function. The next morning, after the notice of the play, would appear a paragraph giving the names of the more distinguished among the audience.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Miss May de Sousa

Who crossed from America specially to play the part of Elsa in *The Girls of Gottenberg* at the Gaiety. The possessor of a beautiful voice, she last made her appearance in England in the revival of *The Geisha* at Daly's, when she played the name-part

The Old Order Changeth

Quite a different state of affairs exists nowadays. "First-nighting" has fallen off sadly as a function for attracting smart people. At one or two theatres, notably the St. James's and His Majesty's, *premières* attract almost as fashionable a gathering as of yore. At the ordinary theatre, however, a first night nowadays is, from the social point of view, a dead letter. The audience is recruited more from the brain-working classes—the stage, the law, the professions generally—than from *le monde où l'on s'amuse*. The dresses of fair first-nighters indicate more than anything the change from the old order of things. Not so frequently as of yore does the æsthetic eye of the masculine first-nighter feast rapturously upon the "line" which marks the genius of the great costumiers; upon a *chic coiffure*; upon the artistic disposition of jewellery. Among one's neighbours the expert has ousted the *flâneur*. The talk around one is the talk of those who are intimately acquainted with the players, and can discuss their art with intelligent interest. Between the acts people stand up and greet their acquaintances; they laugh, visit one another, and chatter. But it is all done with a difference. The names one catches are not the names which one sees figure in the columns headed "Court and Society." True, one is sometimes edified by the vision of a duchess in a box. But then there is generally a motive for her presence. As likely as not she is a duchess who dabbles in play-writing.

HAYMARKET

"My Wife"

Not long since an artful plaint emanated from the Haymarket. Mr. Frederick Harrison announced that he had an adaptation from a great Parisian success, *Mlle. Josette, ma femme*, all ready to spring upon the public, yet was unable to produce it—until he had found a young actress to play the part of the girl-wife. "By Jove," said we to ourselves, "what a part it must be." And straightway we began to entertain quite a desire to see a play which contained such a part. Mr. Harrison's announcement of the play's production was tantamount to saying that he had found the actress. He has found—a precious pearl of an actress. Her name is Miss Marie Löhr. By the time these lines appear playgoing London will be at the feet of

this young lady; will be singing her praises; will be extolling to the high heavens her charm, her talent, her daintiness, her delicious sense of comedy. I join in the chorus of praise. In return, I crave from her this little thing — that she alter her present performance by not so much as a hair-breadth. You may think me a croaker, but great praise has proved a deadly cup for many a young actress. Moreover, the power to tickle the sensibility of an audience is, in the hands of youth, a dangerous one, if not kept under proper control. I have known a young actress so carried away by applause as to accentuate a character out of all resemblance to her original conception of it. Remember how the wise sculptor Durien checked Little Billie from adding another touch to his *chef d'œuvre*, the foot of Trilby limned upon the studio wall.

Golden Opportunities

To gain some idea of the golden opportunities which have been tumbled into the lap of Miss Marie Löhr, you must know that Messrs. Gavault and Charnay have constructed a comedy as collapsible as a house of cards. Their comedy rises storey by storey, according to the capacity existing in the two principal players for delicate manipulation. For financial reasons, which are unimportant, Beatrice Dupré becomes the wife-in-name of Gerald Eversleigh. The play treats of the gradual metamorphosis of the girl into the wife. In the process of falling in love with her own husband Beatrice Dupré has to exhibit almost every charm with which woman is dowered. She has by turns to coax, allure, tantalise him; she is now a wilful rebel, again a lovable little penitent on the verge of tears; at one time she is the child-woman, at another the woman-child. Link by link she forges the chain which finally binds husband and wife together. Such a rôle practically runs the gamut of comedy. Miss Marie Löhr played it like a virtuoso. She is a *comedienne* fit to be named in the same breath with Miss Marie Tempest.

As may be conceived, the players are forced to skate on some rather thin parts. But, thanks to the cleverness with which Mr. Michael Morton has prepared the adaptation, they are never really in danger of falling in.

Mr. Morton has adopted the excellent plan of putting in a quite unsuggestive line to raise hearty laughter whenever the atmosphere of the play becomes a little close. The French setting of the play has of necessity been adhered to. Consequently, several members of the cast appear as Frenchmen. Mr. Athol Stewart is happiest in his assumption of the dress and the language of our Gallic neighbours. Mr. Fred Lewis will be equally happy when he is sufficiently at home in the rôle to speak just twice as quickly.

The success of the play depends, as I have indicated, upon the two principal characters.

Mr. Aubrey Smith plays the husband in just the right spirit, and, like Miss Löhr, reveals the gradual change in his feelings with the greatest skill.

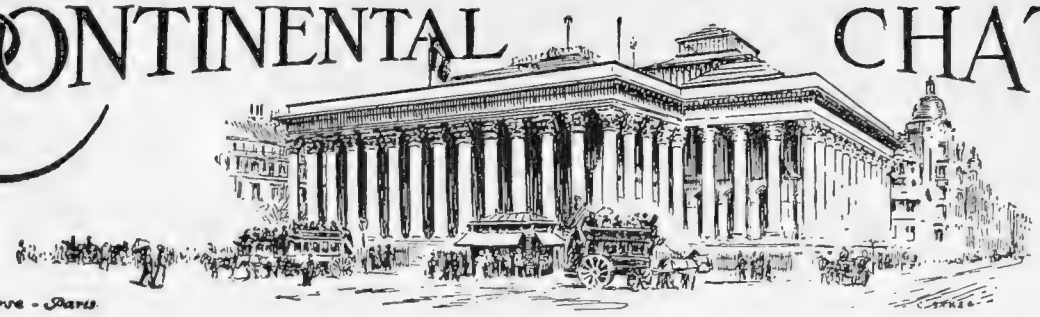
Mr. A. E. Matthews is always funny when playing a character with a grievance. His Gibby is a great aid to the lightness and brightness of the play. E. C. S.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George" at the Vaudeville

"Mr. George," senior partner of the Boston tea firm, Percival and Marsh, on arrival from England, proves to be a girl, to everybody's amazement. She insists upon a partition being erected between herself and the junior partner—much to the latter's disgust

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Swedish Golden Wedding

Although elaborate preparations are being made for King Oscar's golden wedding celebrations, owing to the ill-health of the Royal couple the official list of the fêtes will only be published at the last moment. How time does fly! It is now fifty years since King Oscar of Sweden and Sophie of Nassau romantically carved their initials on the trunk of one of the old lime trees in the Palace gardens, and the story is as fresh in the memory as if it had happened but yesterday.

Photo *Grape*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN

Celebrating this week their Golden Wedding

Of all the European Monarchs—the Kaiser, of course, excepted!—King Oscar may be considered the most versatile. And yet he is so little known in Europe. Like Henry I. of England, he has been surnamed "Beauclerc," and had not Fate ordained that he should be a ruler of men, he could easily have earned his livelihood as a writer. Ask any Swede, from the highest in the land to the poorest fisherman, if he has heard of the Battle of the Baltic, and he will immediately recite the poem by his King, and be proud to do so. One of the most brilliant of the Upsala students, King Oscar always takes the keenest interest in the welfare of his *Alma Mater*, presiding at the fêtes crowned with laurels, as a souvenir of the days when this trophy had to be won by the hardest work. It was at college that he acquired the habit of early rising, a habit which he has never yet lost, and even now, in spite of age and illness, he devotes from six in the morning till ten to his literary work.

A Monarch of Culture

With his knowledge of seven languages, of which English is his favourite, he has rendered the greatest services to the literature of his country, and it is certainly due to his translations that Sweden is so well acquainted with the merits of Goethe. And who does not know his "Charles XII."? There is not a schoolboy or girl, in France at least, who has not at some time studied this history. But of all his writings, the "Memoirs" will be the most interesting, although they will not be published till after his death. He has written freely and frankly his opinions, not only about his own affairs of State,

but those of Europe, and his judgment is worth consulting. Undoubtedly what he calls "the most bitter stab of his life"—the Norwegian secession—will take an important place. We shall then see how far he considers himself responsible for a grief which even now is gnawing his heart-strings.

An Ailing Queen

Through no fault of her own, the Queen of Sweden has been unable to keep the promises she made to King Oscar, when, as lovers, they planned out the future, and painted it all in gold, according to the manner of lovers. Fifty years of suffering have made it almost impossible for her to direct her own destiny. How is it possible for her to be her husband's helpmeet when for nine months out of the twelve she is taking the German waters, and when the slightest over-fatigue confines her to bed for weeks? At the commencement of her reign, no one could have been more progressive than she, and no one so enthusiastically defended the feminist cause, but with increasing age and infirmity her doctrines completely changed. Terrified of sinking into scepticism, she sought refuge in the narrow confines of the Lutheran Church, and probably, to-day, she is the most pious crowned head in Europe. When the most accessible of Monarchs is busy receiving all sorts and conditions of men, the Queen, reclining on the couch of her private sitting-room, is listening through one of her numerous telephones to the most eloquent preacher of the day.

The Crown Princess of Sweden has even worse health than her mother-in-law, if that can be possible, and there are years when she is unable to come to Sweden at all. And the people were bitterly disappointed! A direct descendant of the Wasas, Sweden imagined they would find in Sophie of Baden a Queen devoted to their interests. But, alas, the matter is not in her hands. Often, I am told, this unhappy Princess does not expect to see the morrow, and quite recently her husband was telegraphed for to Baden, where she was dangerously ill.

The Princess Ingeborg

After long years of waiting, at last Sweden possesses a Princess of useful acquirements, and because of long waiting she is appreciated all the more. A daughter of the King of Denmark, the favourite niece of our Queen, Princess Ingeborg learnt beforehand her aunt's secret of making herself at home in her adopted country. Her husband, Prince Karl, is the only one of Oscar's four sons who in any way resembles his father. He is a General in the army, devoted to his children and to the pursuits of country life; it is a pity that he is not the eldest of the family. On her appearance in Sweden, a bride of nineteen, Princess Ingeborg immediately took up the reins of the neglected Society, and won for herself the charming sobriquet she bears to-day—"Princess Sunbeam." Brought up in the simplicity of the Danish Court, there is nothing to which she cannot turn her hand. She superintends the making of her dresses, after having designed them, arranges all the flowers, and every day sees the menus. Her love for children has prompted her to establish *crêches* throughout the kingdom.

Prince Bernadotte's Love-Match

Had it not been for the Queen's intervention, the King would never have sanctioned his second son's marriage with Ebba Munck, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the Court. The bloom of youth had passed when Prince Bernadotte—for so he is now called—first fell in love with her. His father, bitterly grieved, advised him to try a cure which has often been successful in mending the hearts of ardent lovers—a voyage round the world. After two years' absence, Prince Bernadotte came back, more love-sick than ever, and finally had his own way. All his spare time is given to arranging evangelical meetings, and in this work his wife helps him. He is not above addressing a meeting at a hotel where he is staying, or even in the street, and he not infrequently gives teas, to which "believers and a few others are invited."

Photos

Hark! Hark!

The skylark, though, notoriously, he "at heaven's gate sings," never forgets his earthly domestic responsibilities. He is here photographed in the act of feeding his young. Note the crest which shows it is a male bird

Newman

The Lark

How the skylark was photographed while in the act of feeding his young. Mr. Newman (photographer) lay in this position, twenty yards from the nest, for two hours, from 5.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m., May 20, 1907

The Best Horses of the Nations

KEEN RIVALRY AT THE GREAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA

A Notable Enterprise Well Carried Out

Nothing in the history of English horse shows has ever been taken up with such keenness, energy, enthusiasm, and in such a practical spirit by the right people as has happily been the case with the International Horse Show at Olympia, whose doors will be opened to the public on Friday. Can it be that the Americans have hustled us in this matter? It is, at least, significant that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mr. C. H. Mackay, Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, and Mr. Lawrence Jones, all horse-loving Americans, took a leading part in the preliminary arrangements for the Show, and undeniably they have put their backs into it. The English directors perceived that the Americans meant real business. So, resolving not to be outdone, they, in their turn, have done all within their power for the Show in this country. Our Continental friends, who ever regard the spectacular with a favourable eye, soon caught the infectious enthusiasm. And even the most slow-going of the English exhibitors, inclined at first to throw cold water on the scheme, have been brought to see the possibilities of the enterprise. The happy result is that everyone who shows high-class horses in this country will be represented at Olympia, and against the best of ours will be pitted the most brilliant performers of the Continent and America. Was ever a Show more alluring?

Mr. W. Winans driving Little Tobe

Little Tobe's brilliant action and pace have endeared him to all Show visitors, and he is sure to be one of the most popular performers at Olympia

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Hays's bay gelding Bunwell

He carried off the Burstow Cup at the Reigate Show recently

Will the English Horse Remain Supreme?

This Show will do something towards proving to the world whether our vaunted superiority as regards horses is fancied or real. For many years we have supplied pedigree horses — thoroughbreds, hackneys, hunters, and Shires—to foreign countries. If the French racehorses are able to carry off some of our most precious stakes, or if American trotters utterly eclipse the English variety on track or road, do not forget that the source is English every time. In the long ago, America bought from this country the thoroughbred horse Messenger and the Norfolk trotting horse Bellfounder, and from these two celebrities has sprung that great race of trotters and pacers which now occupy the multitudinous tracks and speedways of the United States. Similarly, there is no French racehorse without English blood in his veins. These facts should not, I contend, be lost sight of when we survey the brave display of foreign horses in the ring at Olympia.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Goad's Prince Pick-me-up

This grand mover, who won first prize at the recent Reigate Show, is certain to catch the judge's eye

Bright Prospects of Beating the Americans

From what I have seen of Mr. Vanderbilt's much-beparagraphed contingent, I think the representatives of old England will still come out in front. Wealthy Americans have always been willing to give big money for English show horses; and if we are destined to be beaten at Olympia—a contingency I do not anticipate—it will probably be by horses which we have bred, and reared, and sent abroad. This refers chiefly to performers in harness. I cannot answer for the jumpers, for some of the Continental and American champions are reported to have cleared prodigious heights. Nor can we hope to shine with trotters, though the stables of Messrs. Walter and Louis Winans will, in this department, be found very formidable by American exhibitors. And even the Winans's trotters are, for the most part, American-bred. But, in saddle-horses, hackneys, and coachers, I think we shall readily withstand the foreign invasion.

Mr. A. C. Vanderbilt's Hackney Horses: Storm King (right) and Viking (left)

Mr. Vanderbilt is one of the leaders of the American "invasion," and hopes to carry off a number of prizes in the Show ring at Olympia this week. That his hackneys will beat the best of English horses is not, however, the opinion of good judges who have seen them

American Exhibitors and Their Horses

Mr. Vanderbilt's horses have had every chance to become thoroughly acclimatised during their three months' sojourn at Edgware, and they ought to show in great form. Every bit as interesting will be the string sent over by Mr. F. Pabst, a gentleman who brews beer and makes millions at Milwaukee. Mr. E. B. Jordan, of Massachusetts, who knows exactly the class of horse likely to catch the judge's eye in this country, has spared no effort in selecting the best stock procurable for Mr. Pabst. Mr. Charles W. Watson, of Baltimore, is bringing over one of the most beautiful pair of steppers in the States, namely, Lord Baltimore and Lady Maryland. Mr. A. B. Maclay comes with several notable trotters, Mr. Lawrence Jones with some fine jumpers from Kentucky, and the Hon. Adam Beck, who has hunted a pack of hounds in Canada, has brought over some good-looking hunters and hacks, just to show us what the Dominion can do in this way.

Some English Competitors

It is pleasant to observe France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Russia, Spain, and other nations represented on the catalogue. Who will be showing against them? A glance at the names of the exhibitors will, I think, serve to indicate that England's interests will not be neglected. Take, for example, the coaching class, in which Mr. Vanderbilt is hopeful of winning first honours. Against him will be beautiful teams shown by Viscount Iveagh, Mr. Paul Hoffman, Mr. W. S. Cunard, Mr. J. B. Joel, and many other home exhibitors, so that the Americans, however good they may be, will have all their work cut out to win. Keen sportswomen like the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Warwick, Mrs. Hartley Batt, and Mrs. Goad will take an active part in the Show, either by riding or driving their horses, and several American ladies will also be seen in the ring.

Splendid Jumping in Prospect

The jumping promises to be the most popular feature of all. This is something that every onlooker can understand. The average man, whom it is hoped to attract in his thousands to Olympia, cannot discriminate closely between good hunters or harness horses, but he can tell you which is the best jumper, for it is a labour of love for him to keep the scores of points gained in the various competitions. The practical-minded spectator will likewise take a keen interest in the heavy draught horses, and an absorbing question of the hour is whether Mr. Armour's grand greys from Chicago will beat the superb teams entered by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company and sundry big firms.

The Scene at Olympia

To make the arena resemble as near as possible an English park, with real turf, real trees, real bushes, real fences, was a happy conception on the part of the directors, and this simple scenic setting of the Show should be wonderfully effective. The 13th inst. is the closing date of the Show, and there will be three "houses" a day. Judging by the great anxiety that has been shown to secure seats, there will be no difficulty in filling the spacious building. There are over 2,000 entries, of which 300 are American.

A. W. C.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Hartley Batt's Pair: Hopwood Horace and Hopwood Spark

This brilliant pair will take some beating by the best of the Americans. They belong to a very keen sportswoman, who has met with much success in the Show ring

The World's Greatest Race

SCENES ON DERBY DAY

IS THIS HORSE ORBY?

Wishing Him Luck!

[The Editor sternly reproves this insidious attempt on the part of his staff to give a tip]

The Derby as a Social Carnival

Photos

Luncheon on the Coaches

By no means the least attractive item on the day's programme. On Derby Day the motor-car is, for once in a way, relegated to the background. Few better views of the racing can be enjoyed than from the top of a coach, and in this respect the car is placed at a decided disadvantage. In spite of trains and motors, Society in its hundreds still coaches to Epsom, as in the old days, and still enjoys its al-fresco luncheon, as depicted above

The Derby as a Race

Whitbread

Parade Before the Race: Sportsmen's Last Chance to Select the Winner

Experts keenly scrutinising the runners during the parade—always a picturesque preliminary to the Derby. Some people wait until the parade and canter, and then support the horse they like the best in looks and action, regardless of the betting odds and past form. Surely a pleasant way of finding the winner—if it comes off!

Four Familiar Epsom Scenes

The Famous Tattenham Corner

As the Derby horses sweep round the historic bend, the excitement of the crowd begins to rise to fever heat. Every jockey realises the importance of holding a good place at Tattenham Corner, and Fred Archer, in his anxiety to keep the inside berth, was known to ride with one leg over the rails—a dangerous proceeding, which few jockeys care to imitate

A Sporting Veteran

Mr. Dearle, of Epsom, who hopes to see the Derby run to-day for the eighty-first time. It seems almost incredible that a veteran should be still among us who saw Lord Jersey's Mameluke win the great race in 1827

The Blue Ribbon Won!

The proudest moment in the life of an English sportsman is when he leads the winner through the cheering crowd from winning-post to weighing-room

Coaches Mounting the Hill

Quite one of the finest spectacles on the road are the coaching contingents. Should these be of unusual magnificence, they are greeted with loud cheers by the bystanders

Income Tax

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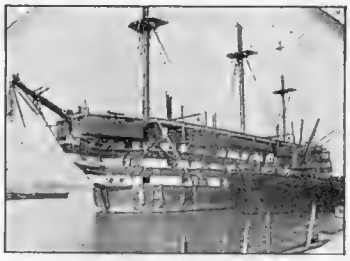

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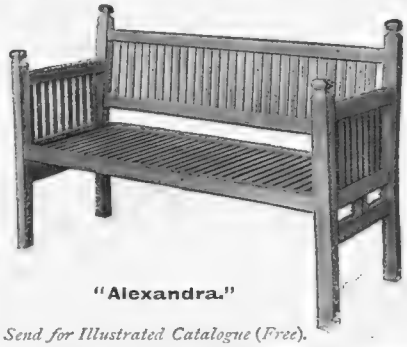

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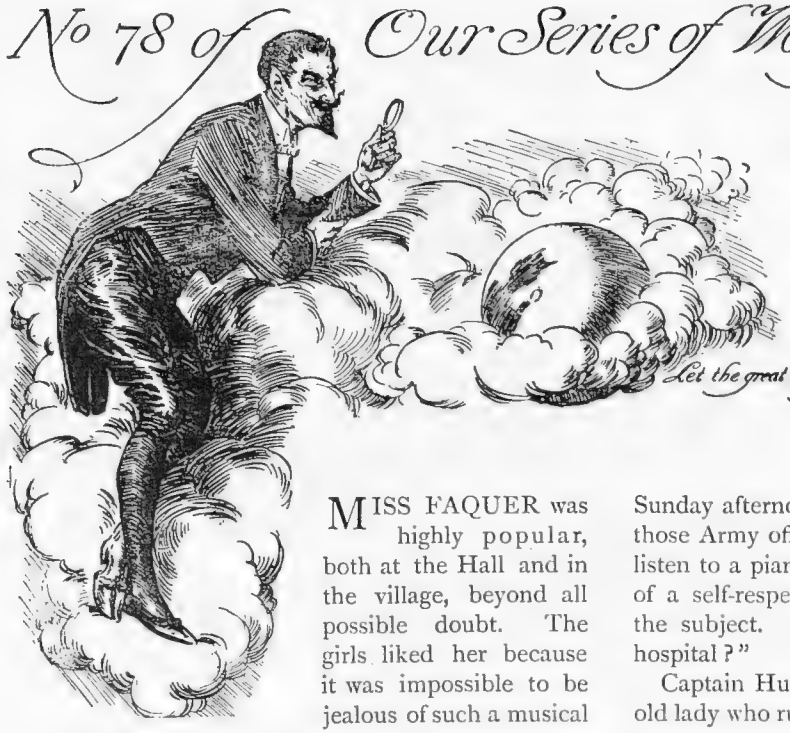

The Mysterious Parisienne

By LEWIS MOLYNEUX

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

MISS FAQUER was highly popular, both at the Hall and in the village, beyond all possible doubt. The girls liked her because it was impossible to be jealous of such a musical swish of underclothing, and the men found her, above all things, such an intelligent conversationalist. The vicar understood why she would not go to his church, and he had a sort of dull notion that Frenchwomen were only expected by the Almighty to be fashionable. Miss Faquer seemed to lead quite an innocent life; her clothing, if extravagant, was morally becoming, and she served excellent dinners. The vicar's wife alone of the inhabitants had fault to find.

"She is so absurdly babyish, my dear," she said to her bosom friend, Mrs. Appleyard, "to live alone in a house with bay windows. If there was only a dog it would be something. Mind, dear, I'm not saying a word against the gardener. James Honeysett may be good-looking, but he was on the altar before he led the choir, and Mrs. Honeysett is not the woman to be grasping if her husband ran any risk, good as the wages are. You can't forget, though, that she never goes to church, and sends her washing to London, can you?"

"Granted, dear. But she is sweet to the poor, now, isn't she?"

"That's why William puts up with her, I imagine. But how can we say that the money is not tainted? Do you remember how she used to call on Mrs. Fuggle and take her soups and things? That woman died."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Well, it's a fact. And you can't call me prejudiced while I keep to facts."

"Granted, dear. But you're an awful one, dear, for looking a gift-horse in the mouth."

"So would you, Emily, if you knew false teeth when you saw them. And you never knew a woman with a foreign accent remain unmarried so long. Why, Captain Huntly is quite crazy about her, and every man who visits at the Hall calls there on Sunday afternoon. I know it's a tea-party, dear, but those Army officers don't go there to drink tea and listen to a pianola for three solid hours at the hands of a self-respecting woman. But there, I'm sick of the subject. When does Arthur come out of the hospital?"

Captain Huntly, the handsome son of the charming old lady who ruled at Melonden Hall, fully appreciated that he was head over heels in love with the delightfully dressed little French girl. On more than one occasion he had attempted to declare his manly passion, but she had promptly and easily steered the conversation into less exciting channels. Why she was so obviously reluctant to be sentimental the petticoat-spoilt cavalry officer could not in the least understand. He had again and again taken other men—good-looking, smart fellows, too—to make Miss Faquer's acquaintance with a view of ascertaining whether the cause of her wariness lay in some deficiency in his personality, but she had treated them with just the same alluring, semi-Bohemian frankness that had always characterised his own relations with her. He had early been convinced that she had a *petite histoire*, and had pocketed the conviction with a reflection that that was an asset common to all women worth marrying. In his own clumsy way he had tried to convey, without being too personal, that if he made up his mind to marry a woman no conceivable confession from her could dissuade him from his purpose. But Mlle. Blanche was not to be drawn. She thought Monsieur the Captain too delightfully English. Would he shoot her some pigeons to make pies for the now convalescent Mrs. Oliver?

Early in the second summer of Miss Faquer's stay at Melonden, Captain Huntly's uncle, who had been given the command of a Cavalry Brigade, took his nephew with him to Aldershot as an aide-de-camp. Blanche Faquer missed her soldier-admirer for a time, or rather she confused a longing for the use of a six-cylinder Panhard with regret for its owner's absence. But a jolly young Oxford man, who had hung up his hat in the neighbourhood in the extravagant hope of making money by hop-growing, provided sufficiently artistic adulation to satisfy her Parisian heart, and there were always week-end parties at the Hall.

(*Continued on page 512*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

A Clever Understudy

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Mabel Russell, who is understudying Miss Gertie Millar in "The Girls of Gottenberg"

Miss Russell's clever performance the other evening at the Gaiety in Miss Millar's absence, attracted a good deal of attention, and marks her out as an actress of whom we may expect to hear much in the future

(Continued from page 510)

One Sunday evening Mrs. Huntly confided to Blanche, to whom she was very much attached, that on the following Saturday, when, by the way, Captain Huntly was expected for a short stay, the party would include some of her compatriots. Two of Mrs. Huntly's sisters had married into Empire families, and Miss Faquer, whose ancestors had been guillotined in batches, did not look forward to meeting the old lady's brothers-in-law with the enthusiasm expected. However, she drove over to dinner on the night appointed in an entirely new frock and all her curls. She expected astute criticism.

The brothers-in-law were dreadful. Their English wives had exterminated such witty innuendos from their conversation as had once been their only qualification for encouragement, and the glint of portentous prosperity about their eyeglasses dazzled Miss Faquer into an unbecoming meekness. After dinner another guest arrived. Blanche was playing an old French waltz in the hall, Mrs. Huntly sat behind her reading, and the Captain was smoking on the club fender. The new guest was another Frenchman, tall, broad, and with a pleasant, hearty voice. Captain Huntly introduced him.

"M'sieur Chatelat—Miss Faquer." They took each other's hands gently, and the colour rushed to the girl's usually pale face. Captain Huntly noticed her embarrassment, and his internal excitement was difficult to control. Was he at last on the road to the solution of the mystery? Miss Faquer avoided the new guest systematically throughout the evening, and left early.

That night, when the ladies and the brothers-in-law had gone to bed, Huntly took Chatelat for a walk through the grounds. They chatted and smoked through two cigarettes before the topic in the minds of both was broached. Huntly was diplomatic enough to leave it to his guest to speak first.

"Where did you discover the charming young Parisienne? She surely does not live here?" Chatelat asked at length.

"She has been a neighbour of ours for nearly two years. I know absolutely nothing about her, except that she is, as you say, charming. That is her house above the trees there. You can see a light."

"Ah! She does not live alone?"

"She has maids, and there is a big farmhouse thirty yards from the end of her garden." They were silent for a while.

"I have met her before," said Chatelat, shortly.

"So I imagined." Nothing more was said on the subject, rather to Huntly's chagrin; but, as it proved, he had not long to wait for developments. On Sunday morning, Chatelat, assuming that his host would go to church, put on his hat and walked out of the grounds and up the hill. On the other side of the crest he met Mrs. Agnew, the vicar's wife, walking a pony-chaise.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "if that is the house of the French lady who has been living here for about two years? I have forgotten her name for the moment, but she is *svelte*, *petite*, and does her hair very high. She is also——"

"That is Miss Faquer's house, sir," interrupted Mrs. Agnew, sternly. M. Chatelat bowed and walked round the next turning. Mrs. Agnew, who had seen the stranger drive past on his way to the Hall on the previous evening, stood for a moment simmering with excitement and curiosity. Then she ran through the Commandments. There was certainly nothing about "Thou shalt not call on unmarried ladies in the early morning on the strength of one evening's acquaintance," and she felt rather piqued at the omission. At the bottom of the hill she met Captain Huntly. He was coming up the hill and away from the church.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Agnew. "May I give you a lift?"

"Thank you, no. I shall not be at church this morning. I have a call to make. Is your husband well? I suppose he will be at church. Er—good morning." He banged his straw hat on and strode rapidly away. This was really upsetting for Mrs. Agnew's nerves. If he was going to make a call, it could only be upon Miss Faquer, for no one else of the Captain's acquaintance lived in that direction. And that being so, he had obviously gone to interrupt the assignation that the French minx had made with her obviously immoral compatriot. At last the woman's true character was exposed. Mrs. Appleyard must be informed at once. Mrs. Agnew whipped up the pony, and in her excitement almost forgot to be horrified at the spectacle of the French brothers-in-law playing tennis in the Hall grounds.

Captain Huntly continued on his way to Miss Faquer's house. He had no idea that he had been forestalled. Chatelat had breakfasted in bed, and for all the Captain knew might be there still. A rosy-cheeked maid, by no means unpicturesque in her Sunday morning untidiness, admitted him with ill-concealed surprise, and took his card upstairs. Now Huntly saw a man's hat that he recognised on the hall-stand, and he knew that there were no living rooms upstairs. He instantly arranged his tie in the dining-room mirror and cleared his throat, the Englishman's invariable preparation for striking a moral attitude. The maid was a long time bringing a reply. He walked to the French windows leading out into the garden, and, opening them, stepped on to the verandah. It was natural to walk to the other end of the verandah, unnatural to look through the drawing-room windows which opened thereon. He did both. When he saw that the drawing-room was empty he felt ashamed of himself, and resumed his seat in the dining-room. Still the maid did not come. He took a gaudily covered book from a revolving bookcase at his side, and carelessly turned over the pages. It was a little—a very little—love-story that luckily Captain Huntly did not know enough French to understand. At the end of the book, under the last words of the story, someone had written:—"*Je t'aime, aime moi; merci.*" This he did understand, and he thought it rather silly. The sentiment was initialled "R.C." That might be Chatelat. It was like his confounded impudence, coming on top of that hat in the hall. At last the maid returned. Her mistress was in bed with a headache, and could see no one. Would Captain Huntly come to tea in the afternoon? The maid showed him out with a smile of obvious amusement, and he walked home boiling inwardly.

(Continued on page 514)

The Latest Recruit to the Halls

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Kitty Gordon (the Hon. Mrs. Beresford), who is now appearing at the London Pavilion

Within the last few weeks, two members of the legitimate stage have deserted it for the halls. Miss Evie Greene has been singing at the Palace Theatre, and Miss Kitty Gordon has been delighting the patrons of the London Pavilion with—amongst other things—the Cigarette Song from *Nelly Neil*

(*Continued from page 512*)

Mademoiselle was certainly in bed, and becomingly pale. So were the pink of her bed-hangings and the rose of her *aéshabi'lé*. M'sieur Chatelat sat on the end of the bed with his arms folded.

"I cannot deny that I was probably a pig," he said.

"You never pretended to be attached to me. I know I was an ugly baby."

"You were never dressed as you were last night."

"That was mother's fault. If we had not been affianced, I should have been fascinating."

"You had no confidence, Blanche, or you could not have come to England. And to be 'Miss Faquer'! Terrible! So commercial!"

"I'm not sorry. We are both beautiful now. I suppose you are rich still? *Hein?*"

"I have been carrying some turquoise garters in my breast-pocket for you for four days, ever since I suspected from Madame Huntly's description that you were you."

"You have been very faithful, René." Blanche felt a little ashamed of her Oxford hop-grower. When Chatelat got back to lunch, he told the Captain that he had found the Kentish scenery very soothing. The Captain reflected that this *entente cordiale* business could be very trying at times.

At tea that afternoon, on the lawn of "Miss Faquer's" charming garden, the truth came out.

"I suppose I am very sinful," said Blanche, laying her hand on Mrs. Huntly's arm; "but I am not Mademoiselle, just Madame. My husband, René," indicating Chatelat, "was most probably a pig, and I was seventeen and ugly. So I ran away to you. He has found me, he has been faithful, and well——" and Madame finished by shrugging her pretty shoulders, as if to suggest that it would be amusing if anyone was rude. But not at all. The wives of the brothers-in-law were quite gratified, Captain Huntly was explosively good-humoured, and his mother's remarks most entertainingly embarrassing. There was quite fun as to whether Mme. Chatelat should be allowed to have her husband until the conclusion of his week-end visit, and so this "quite too-romantic" affair ended.

Mrs. Agnew, who did not learn the true state of affairs until the Chatelats had lived for three days *en famille*, preserves a feeling of resentment against people who succeed in deluding the world that it is possible to be smart and sinless.

LEWIS MOLYNEUX.

BEAUTY IN CHILDHOOD

(*A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RITA MARTIN*)

Dainty and Attractive
at all hours of the day

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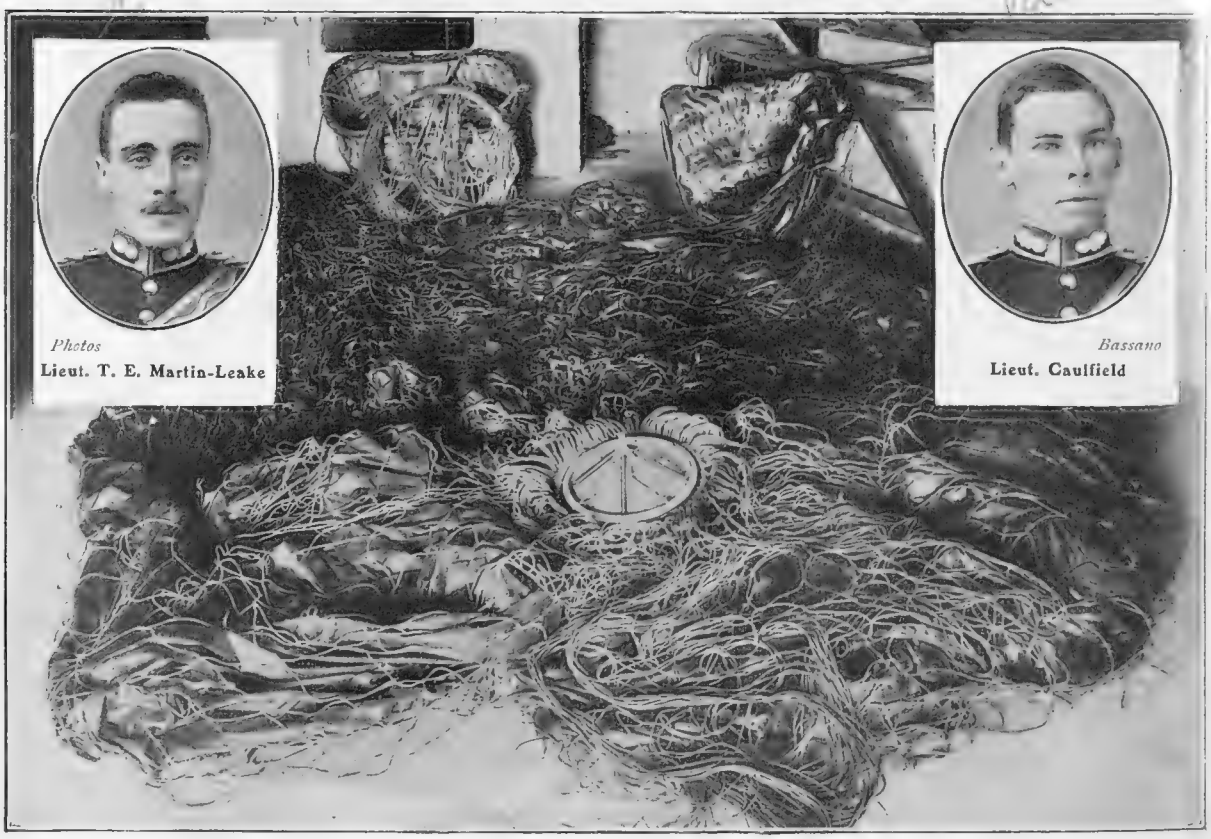
GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Rain Spoils Sport at Chiswick and Leicester

At the Chiswick Park Tournament last week Mrs. Chambers avenged the defeat which Mrs. Sterry administered to her at Surbiton the week before, so that the two now stand exactly level as regards each other, each having won two sets from the other, though Mrs. Chambers has a majority of two in the matter of games. Their third meeting should prove highly interesting. By the way, a more careful statistician than I am has reminded me that I was wrong in saying last week that I believed that Mrs. Chambers had not previously been beaten by anybody since 1905, when she lost the Championship to Miss Sutton. As a matter of fact, she had been beaten three times by Miss Wilson within the period referred to—at Edgbaston, Newcastle, and Buxton, though the third of these meetings was a mere mudlark owing to the weather, not a test of skill. After beating Mrs. Sterry, Mrs. Chambers had an easy progress to the final of the Middlesex Championship, and in the other half Miss A. N. G. Greene was unexpectedly beaten by Miss M. E. Brown. The men's events were chiefly remarkable for the continued good form shown by the Australians, Sharp and Doust, who had already distinguished themselves at Surbiton. Sharp gained a set from Ritchie in the final of the Men's Singles, having defeated the American, Rhodes, *en route*, and Sharp and Doust reached the final of the Doubles, having ousted Ritchie and Rhodes. But Sharp *v.* Ritchie was the only one of the open finals played on Saturday owing to the vile weather, the others having to be postponed. An even worse state of affairs prevailed at Leicester, where there was very little play on Thursday, less on Saturday, and none at all on Friday, so that the meeting had to be left to drag on into the present week. This was a great pity, in view of the fine entry which had been obtained. Of the few matches which were played, the best were Miss Sutton *v.* Miss Eastlake Smith, in which the latter was only beaten 6—4, 6—4, after holding a commanding lead and nearly reaching 5—2 in both sets, and Brookes *v.* Eaves, in which "the doctor" after losing a love set to start with, won the second and made Brookes go all the way in order to win the third.



Photos *Bassano*

Lieut. T. E. Martin-Leake **Lieut. Caulfield**

Photo *Dinham*

The Balloon Disaster: The "Thrasher" ashore at Brixham

The deflated remains of the war balloon which was found floating in the Channel, its two officer aeronauts missing, on Wednesday last. The "Thrasher" ascended on Tuesday from Aldershot, in the presence of the King and Prince Fushimi. There can now hardly be a doubt that its occupants must have perished

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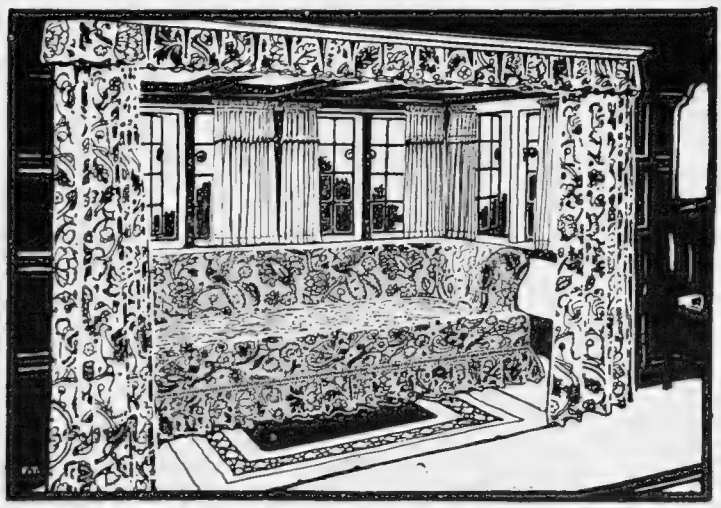

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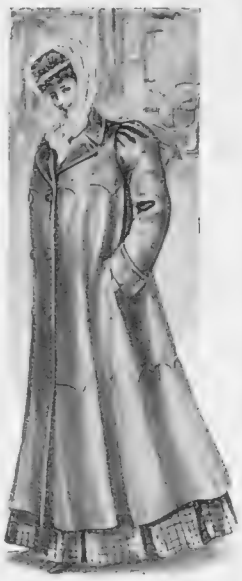

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YACHTING

The First Class: Great Expectations

The hope that this year's yachting season, which commenced with the Thames matches on May 22, would be an interesting one has been fully realised, and lovers of the sport feel satisfied that there is no end of a good time in store before laying-up time once more comes round. In the big class Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather II.* has made a conspicuously successful *début;* in fact, the only fear at present is that the succession of her victories may become monotonous. She is a beautiful boat—some go so far as to say the finest cutter that has ever raced in British waters—and the way in which she slips through the water with barely any perceptible wave is delightful; her sails stand to perfection, and her trim and handling, with Bevis in charge, are, as might be expected, beyond reproach. Certainly, if there is anything in a name, white heather, the symbol of luck, seems, in her case, to have been well chosen. The career of the other new boat, Sir James Pender's *Brynhild II.*, was, on the other hand, saddened at its very outset by a disastrous accident. Just before the start of the very first day's racing, one of her masthead hands fell from aloft on to her deck, and was instantly killed. Of course, her owner did not race her until some two or three days later, and then not with the best of luck; but although, up to the time of writing, she has not yet had the winning gun, she has done well enough to prove that she is a very long way from being a failure, and under certain conditions her immense spread of canvas is almost bound to tell. The third member of the fleet, Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, the successful *débutante* of last season, has undergone some alteration to her keel during the winter, and it does not appear to have improved her. She is very stiff and can stand very close to the wind, but she is also decidedly sluggish—particularly in the light airs. Neither are her sails by any means perfect, and, in fact, the general opinion is that her trim is not up to what it was. But these defects are not irremediable.

The East Surrey Championship Cup (value 30 gns.)

Competition for which (Gentlemen's Singles) is in progress this week at the Lawn Tennis Tournament on the ground of the East Croydon Club

Good Sport in the 15-metre Class

In the 15-metre class there are also two new boats, *Shimna* (Mr. W. Yates) and *Ma'oona* (Mr. Talbot Clifton). So far, the racing in this class has been even more interesting than that of the big boats, and here the most wins have been scored by the (comparatively) old *Britomart* (Mr. W. P. Burton); but there are evidently possibilities of great things in the two newcomers, and the look of *Shimna* in particular has quite captivated the critics. She was designed, like *White Heather II.*, by Fife, and has been described, not inaptly, as a pocket edition of the bigger ship. The race on the 23rd, in which she finished only a few seconds behind *Britomart*, with Mrs. Turner Farley's *Sonya* close up, was quite the best of the Thames races for several years past. The racing in the handicap classes has also been well above the average.

The Yacht "Britomart"

Mr. W. P. Burton's yacht, which has scored brilliantly in the 15-metre class of the recent Thames matches

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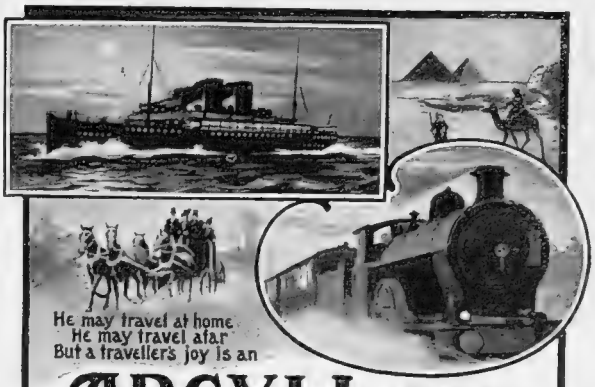

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He may travel afar
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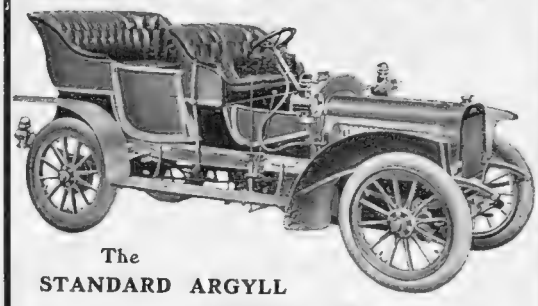

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DAIMLER

April 6th, 1907.—**MOTOR CYCLE UNION OF IRELAND HILL CLIMB. Bangor, Co. Down.**

Car Section.—DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 3rd, 1907.—**HEREFORDSHIRE A.C. HILL CLIMB. Fromes Hill.**

Class V.—DAIMLERS made 1st and 2nd Fastest Times, and were 2nd, 3rd and 4th on Handicap.

May 4th, 1907.—**ROYAL NORTH OF IRELAND YACHT CLUB MOTOR MEET. Cultra, Co. Down.**

Class I.—DAIMLERS made Fastest Time and secured 1st and 2nd prizes.

Class II.—DAIMLER made Fastest Time and secured 1st Prize.

May 11th, 1907.—**YORKSHIRE A.C. HILL CLIMB.**

30 h.p. DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 11th, 1907.—**NOTTS A.C. MOTOR MEET. Welbeck Abbey.**

1st Event.—WILSON CHALLENGE CUP won by a DAIMLER. A 60 h.p. six-cylinder Touring Car could only make $^{1}/_{5}$ sec. better time than a 35 h.p. DAIMLER. A 40 h.p. six-cylinder of the same make was beaten by $5^{4}/_{5}$ sec. by the same 35 h.p. DAIMLER.

2nd Event.—SCRATCH EVENT. DAIMLER'S STANDARD TOURING CARS made 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fastest times, being only beaten by 80 h.p. six-cylinder 6¼ in. bore Touring (?) Car, which, however, could only make $1^{1}/_{5}$ sec. better time than the DAIMLER Standard Touring Car.

3rd Event.—MILE HANDICAP. DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 18th, 1907.—**NEW FOREST A.C. and HAMPSHIRE M.V. HILL CLIMB. Beaulieu.**

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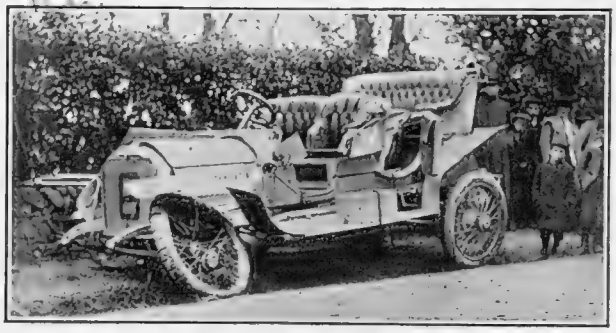
Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Mr. J. E. Hutton
Winner of the *Graphic* Cup on 60 h.-p. Berliet



The Accident to a "Graphic" Competitor
Mr. A. E. Harrison's 30 h.-p. Ariel Simplex, which was wrecked by running into a bank, one passenger sustaining a serious concussion

The Late Mr. A. Govan
Managing Director of the Argyll Motors, Ltd., whose death is a great loss to the motor industry. It is largely to his enterprise and energy that the Argyll motors owe their leading position

The Late Mr. A. Govan

I feel that, before touching on the racing last week in the Isle of Man, it is incumbent upon me to refer to the sad death of Mr. A. Govan, the managing director of the Argyll Motors, Ltd., the news of which came as a shock to his many personal and business friends. Mr. Govan was the brains of the famous Argyll Company, allying with sound engineering knowledge a wonderful grasp of business detail.

* * *

The Isle of Man Races

The Isle of Man races suffered this year through the climatic conditions which prevailed. From the time I landed at Douglas until I returned, there was scarcely an hour but it rained heavily. The success of the *Graphic* Cup race, or more properly speaking, hill-climb, was unfortunately marred by a very nasty accident to one of the Ariel cars driven by Mr. A. E. Harrison. All the occupants of the car were more or less injured, and one passenger, a Mr. Anderson, who occupied the seat beside the driver, sustained a serious concussion. The state of the roads was responsible primarily for the accident, but I cannot understand why passengers should be carried in the *Graphic* Cup race, considering that, being over a very short distance, and there being no restraining features such as limited petrol supply, great speeds are attempted. In the Tourist Trophy dead is used as the make-weight, and it would be just as simple to do so in the *Graphic* Cup. The Cup was won by Mr. J. E. Hutton on a 60 h.-p. Berliet, while a 24-40 h.-p. Berliet, driven by Mr. W. Watson, was second. Mr. Thomas Henshaw, on a 35 h.-p. Daimler, was third, 14 4/5 secs. behind the winner, having, let it be said, run on a burst front tyre most of the distance. All these cars were fitted with Continental tyres.

* * *

The Tourist Trophy Under the Worst Conditions

There are many excellent and weighty reasons to prove that the Tourist Trophy races do all sorts of wonderful things to improve touring, whereby that shy bird, the prospective purchaser, may be induced to put his hand in his pocket and buy. The winner of the trophy is popularly supposed to value the prestige at £100,000. To the Rover Company belongs the honour this year of winning the coveted prize, after a race run and witnessed under the worst possible conditions. Mr. Orde and the Royal Automobile Club may do their best, but when the weather is simply too vile for words, enthusiasm wanes, and a race degenerates into a miserable penance, witnessed by half-drowned and shivering mortals. For the Tourist Trophy this year there were twenty-two starters, and while sufficient petrol was given out equal to twenty-five miles to a gallon, the load carried was much

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Photos *Topical Agency*

The "Graphic" Cup
Mr. J. E. Hutton on his 60 h.-p. Berliet, winner of the Cup, taking the corner by the "Rest and be Thankful" public-house

heavier than last year, and, in addition, the course was lengthened to six laps, making 241 miles instead of 161 miles. Gradually, as the hours went, one by one competitors dropped out for one reason or another, though, I may remark in parenthesis, tyre troubles were few and far between, to the credit of the Dunlop Co., who supplied most of the cars.

The Last Lap

In the last course only eight cars were still struggling over the sodden roads, and losing themselves in the mists of Snaefell: they were the two Arrol-Johnston cars, the Metallurgique, the Thorneycroft, the Beeston-Humber, the Clement-Rover, and the Darracq—the last-named going very strong. As it passed the R.A.C. stand on its last round, and when word reached us that it had passed the Bungalow on the summit of the mountain, the race seemed to be over bar shouting. However, "many's the slip," etc., and almost within sight of home—in fact, within 200 yards—the petrol ran out. Had A. Lee Guinness, who was driving, won, it would have been a very popular victory, as he is a sportsman who has no connection with any firm. Some time later, amid cheers of relief from the patient spectators, the Rover car drew up the winner; the Beeston-Humber was second. Thorneycroft had a mishap. Of the other cars nothing was heard, and I suspect their trouble was want of petrol. The Rover Company deserved their win, for their cars are thoroughly sound and reliable. There was also a race for heavy cars, in which the Beeston-Humber won, the Gladiator being second. The first and second cars in this race, as in the Tourist Trophy, were tyred with Dunlops. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIX.: Mr. Frederick Coleman

As the representative of that enterprising concern, the White Steam Car Company, in England, he has done much to popularise the "steamer." In his time he has been author, explorer, traveller, and special correspondent in the Spanish-American War

(By ALICK P. F RITCHIE)

Car-icature—No. XXIX.: Mr. Frederick Coleman

One often wonders in what line of life some of the more prominent people in the automobile movement were engaged before that movement afforded scope for their energies. Mr. Frederick Coleman, the subject of this week's Car-icature, is a man who has played many parts. As an author, explorer, traveller, and special correspondent during the Spanish-American War, he gained a wide and varied experience of men and things in diverse odd corners of the world, which he, in due course, described in a series of lectures. Mr. Coleman has done good work as a journalist, and while on a special mission to the United States made acquaintance with the directors of the White Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, with the result that an arrangement was entered into whereby Mr. Coleman agreed to represent White Steam Cars in Europe. How his irresistible policy of "hustle" has made the name of White Steam Cars famous at all competitive functions in this country is known to all motorists, and although there be those who deprecate the principle of steam in automobilism just as there are many experts who assert that undoubtedly the car of the future will be propelled by steam, there is no doubt in the mind of anyone acquainted with the gentleman that, in the person of Mr. Frederick Abernethy Coleman, the "steamers" have a most capable and aggressive champion. D. M.

* * *

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Photo *Topical Agency*

The Heavy Touring Car Race: The Beeston-Humber car (the winner) crossing Glenmoor Bridge

Miscellanea

The first event concluded in the Tourist Trophy races last week—the International autocycle event—was won by C. R. Collier on a Matchless motorcycle, fitted with Dunlop tyres. The second and third places were also secured by riders on Dunlops.

One of the latest cars delivered by the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company is a 45 h.-p. six-cylinder Siddeley landaulette. The purchaser is Mr. W. T. Madge, of the *Globe* and the *People*, whose satisfactory experience of an 18-24 h.-p. Siddeley induced him to order the more powerful and modern Siddeley for touring. The car gives great satisfaction, and reflects credit upon the builders, Mulliners, of Birmingham.

6 H.-P. ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

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THE ONLY CAR

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was a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder

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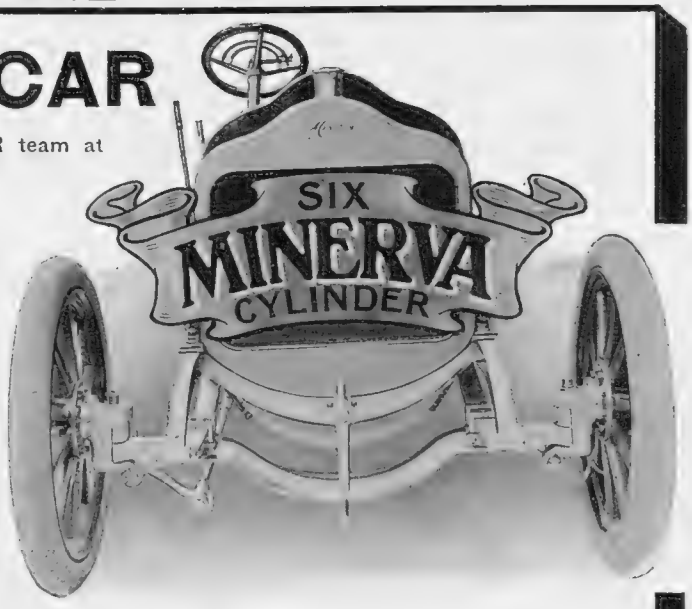

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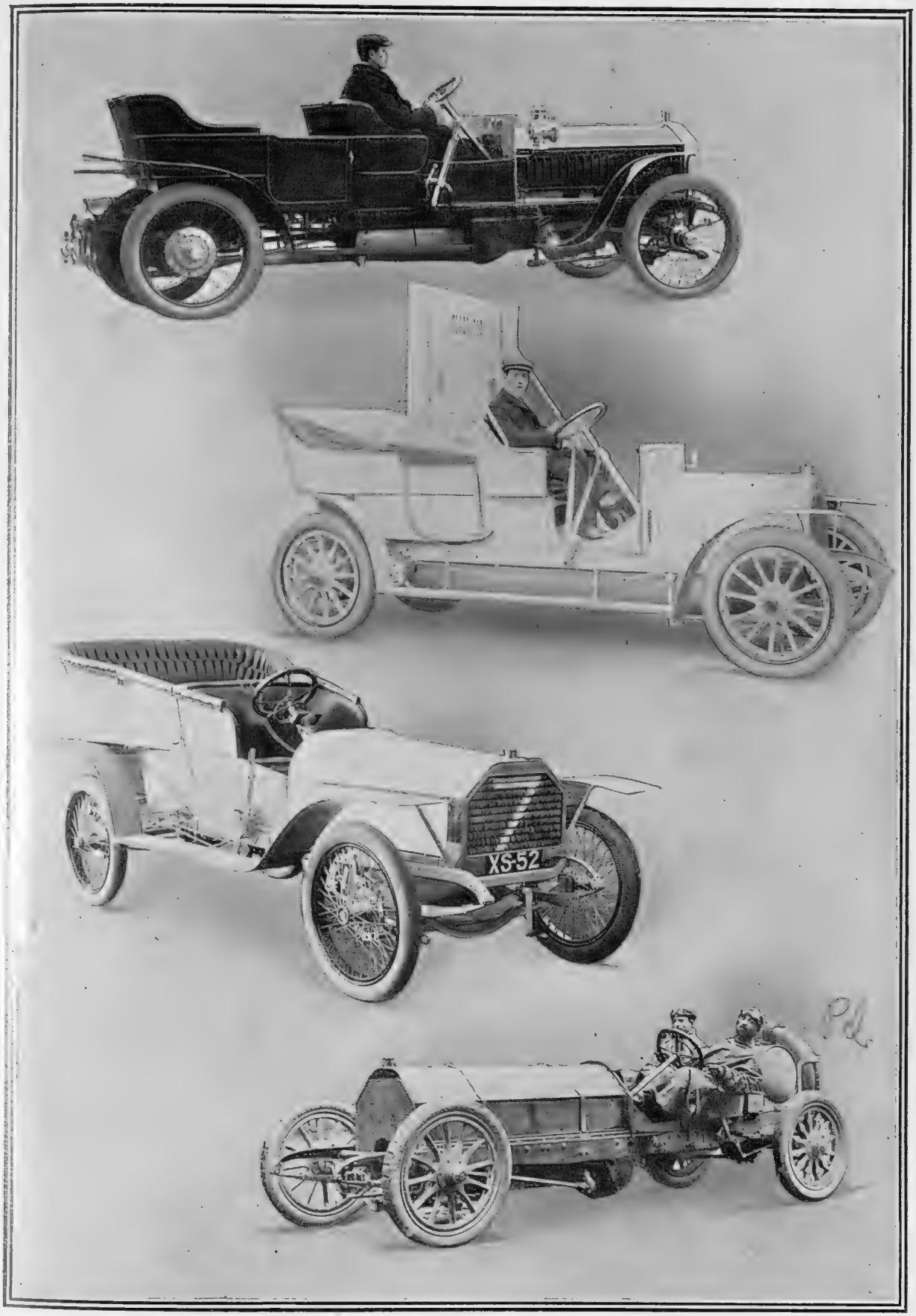
Cars of the Moment



(1) Mr. A. E. Paul on his 45 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, fitted with Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels—a competitor for the *Graphic* Trophy

(2) The Gladiator car, a competitor in the Heavy Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man. One of these cars made a four-day non-stop run in the recent Irish Reliability Trials

(3) Scotland's representative in the Tourist Trophy Race—the Arrol-Johnston car. One of these cars won the race in 1905, and last year made the fastest actual running time, being delayed solely by tyre troubles

(4) One of the three 80 h.-p. eight-cylinder Weigel cars which will take part in the Grand Prix on July 2. This car can do sixty miles an hour on its third speed, and ninety-five miles an hour on its top speed

POLO NOTES

The Inter-Regimental Entries

There is a slight drop in the entries for the Inter-Regimental Tournament this year, for neither the Scots Greys nor the 18th Hussars will be able to compete, as they will be engaged in the Scottish manœuvres. Otherwise, the entry of fourteen teams is a representative one, the only absentees among the cavalry regiments now stationed at home being the 19th Hussars, who are not a very strong polo corps. All three regiments of Household Cavalry have entered as usual, and the Cavalry of the Line will be represented by the 1st (King's), 3rd (Prince of Wales's), and 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards; the 5th (Royal Irish), 16th (The Queen's), and 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers; and the 8th (King's Royal Irish), 11th (Prince Albert's Own), and 20th Hussars. The only two foot regiments who have entered a team are the Coldstream Guards and the Irish Guards. The 11th Hussars and the 20th Hussars stood out in a class by themselves last year, and there is every probability that they will again fight out the final at Hurlingham next month. With regard to the 20th Hussars—last year's winners—Captain H. Romer Lee, whose hunting accident kept him out of the saddle all last season, will again be able to captain the team at back, while Mr. B. A. P. Schreiber, who temporarily replaced him, will this time play No. 2, vice Captain C. MacG. Dunbar, who has a Staff appointment in Egypt. The side will be completed by Mr. J. S. Cawley and Captain H. C. Hesse. The 11th Hussars have the same team as last year, the mainstay of the side being Mr. M. L. Lakin, a very brilliant young player, who has been deservedly promoted to the Recent Form List.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Polo at Hurlingham: Captain Miller's accident

While playing for the Rugby Team against the Old Etonians, Captain Miller had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. Though he will be prevented from playing for some weeks, the injury is not of a very serious nature

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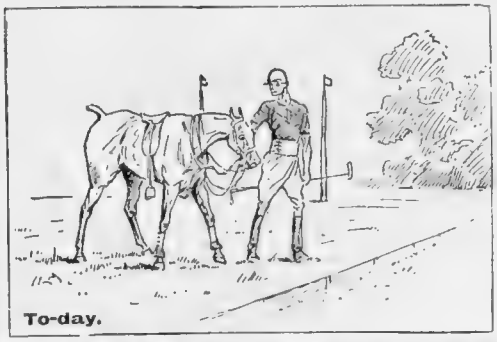

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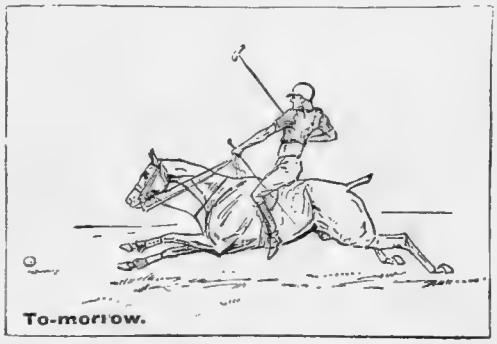

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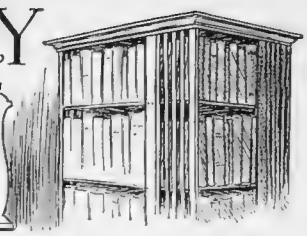

Books to Order This Week

"The Tangled Skein." By the Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Call." By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)
"Odd Lengths." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

A Journalistic M.P.?

The news that that excellent humorous journalist, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for the Jarrow division at the next election by no means brings joy to his many admirers. For one thing, there is an extreme danger of his getting in, and that must inevitably mean a slackening off in his journalistic activities to the impoverishment of the Press. Of course, Mr. Hughes's admirers ought to be only too glad to sacrifice their pleasure, if, by doing so, they can further that gentleman's advancement in life, and his transference to higher spheres than writing "Sub Rosa" and other amusing columns in countless contemporaries. If Mr. Hughes were going in as a Tory, we might be more disposed to the sacrifice, for a humorist is badly wanted on the Opposition Benches. He is, however, a Radical, and it is the general opinion that the Government possesses already rather more humorists than is altogether good for it, and after the example of Mr. Birrell, the future chances of humorists becoming Liberal Cabinet Ministers do not look exactly rosy. If Mr. Hughes will pledge himself to restrict his Parliamentary ambitions to those of a Private Member, however, he has one's sympathy.

The Baroness Orczy

Author of "The Tangled Skein," just published by Messrs. Greening

Humorists as Serious Politicians

In his election speech, I see, he said that, "though a humorous writer, he was a serious politician." There is, of course, nothing incongruous about such a combination. Humorists, when they are politicians, are usually the soul of seriousness. Having, as necessary to their humour, strong human sympathies, they are of course reformers, whether Radical or no. Tom Hood and Charles Dickens fathered, in their fun, some of the greatest reforms of the last century. Scarce a genuine humorist that has not a purpose behind his jokes. Who fuller of purpose than Bernard Shaw? Mr. G. R. Sims has puns, but he also has propaganda. Mr. Jerome was terrific in his desire to move Lord Salisbury to act over the Armenian atrocities. Only, as I write, have I at my elbow a reminder that Mark Twain himself can be a "serious politician" when he tries. His satirical *King Leopold's Soliloquy* (Unwin: 1*s.*) on the Congo atrocities, though "writ sarcastic," is about as convincing a statement of the awful truth concerning that region of horror as twelve blue-books. For instance, what more biting than this phrase (supposed to be uttered by Leopold himself):

> Every shilling I get costs a rape, a mutilation, or a life!

Yes, the humorists, because of their very humour, and, therefore, their power of phrase, knowledge of life, and vividness of description, are the most serious politicians of them all—provided always they keep out of Cabinets.

In Tudor Times

One may always be sure of a sound and thrilling romance from the pen of the Baroness Orczy, and her countless admirers will not be disappointed with *The Tangled Skein* (Greening: 6*s.*). This story harks back to the days of Mary (she of the forcible prefix), and centres round a mythical Court gallant of the time, the Duke of Wessex, a sort of Dudley Earl of Leicester to Queen Mary—enjoying the Queen's favour and love, but unable to return it because of another attachment. The actual "skein" in which the reader is entangled is this: Wessex is bound by a will to marry none other than Lady Ursula Glynde, a Court beauty. Mary, however, loving Wessex herself, prevents the twain, for a long time, from even the chance of a meeting, by keeping Ursula more or less a prisoner in the Castle. Occasionally, however, the lady escapes, disguised, and during one of these escapades meets and attracts the attention, and ultimately the passion, of the Duke, who is unaware of her identity. Things get complicated by several circumstances; the one, that the Spaniards, wishing Mary to marry, not the Duke, but their own

King, intrigue to entangle Wessex, and to "push along" the little affair with Ursula. By using a double of that young lady—a witch-girl named Mirrab—to personate her, considerable complications are introduced. In the guise of Ursula, she assassinates the Spanish Ambassador. Wessex, thinking the deed Ursula's, to save her, confesses to the crime, and—but, dear, dear! I shall never be done if I go any further along this thorny path. I hope the reader, however, knows enough from the above to convince himself or herself that this is an unusually exciting story. It is only necessary to add that it is told with all the dramatic faculty and *élan* and all the admirable sense of historical detail which have characterised the Baroness's previous work.

Stage and Church

Mr. Desmond Coke has earned very general popularity as a novelist of public school and 'Varsity life. He has now "come down," and in *The Call* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*) grapples with the problems of the outer world. Whether he is destined to equal success in the thorny fields of real life will be an interesting speculation. The story illustrates for us, in the person of Basil Murchison, the idea that the "call" which bids a young man to the Church is more or less identical with that which, in other circumstances, bids him to the Stage. It traces a parallel between the actor and the priest. Doubtless, in many cases, the priest is only the actor gone astray—by the grace of God; the actor, but the priest perverted. It requires less than no imagination to conceive of Father Beerbohm Tree at Farm Street, or of Mr. Bernard Vaughan at His Majesty's—how interchangeable seems the one with the other! But to our Basil. He is first the one and then the other, and lastly, the one again—actor, priest, actor! Fired by the success of his amateur impersonation of Orlando in a country town, where he is learning architecture, he feels a "call" to the Stage. He tries this, but discovering what one would think even the most innocent of modern youths would know—that the stage career has some humiliations for the recruit—he abandons it, and, seeking fresh employment, conveniently discovers another "call," to the Church, for which he studies. After deaconry and curacies, he becomes *locum tenens* of a West-End church. While clad in that brief authority he becomes notorious as a castigant of the dear old "Smart Set," and is nicknamed "The Apostle of the Spirit." As to the rest, it is an affair of the women, who wreak the havoc to be expected on the hero's ambitions, with the result that he goes back to the stage.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes

Journalist and prospective M.P.—perhaps—for the Jarrow Division. He describes himself as "a humorist, but a serious politician"

Mr. Maxwell's Short Stories

As with most other first-rate novelists, there is a short-story side to the genius of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, which is to be seen by the public in *Odd Lengths* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The lengths vary, some being very short and of thin fabric, others long and thick. I think I prefer the shorter ones, such as "The Vulgar Man," "A Slow Match," and "Something in His Face." These are almost ideal short stories. Such longer stories as "Illusions" are scarcely as satisfying, being alike too long and too short for the exact taste to be fitted. However, there are enough stories for the reader to be able to pick and choose, and there is mastery of a kind in all of them, as is to be expected of the author of "Vivien" and "The Guarded Flame."

The Colours of Canada

To depict the colour-aspect of Canada were a formidable task, for, as with all other illimitable territories, the artist finds rather a surfeit of broad effects for his brush, unrelieved by those glorious mixtures of sky and foliage which are offered by smaller and more confined territories. However, Mr. T. Mower-Martin, the artist who has done Messrs. Black's *Canada* (letterpress by Mr. Wilfred Campbell), contrives to give a striking presentation of the subject. We are reminded forcibly that the Dominion of "endless wastes of white" has another side. With her azure skies and her rolling red-gold prairies, her forests of beech, pine, elm, and maple, her brown cornfields, her blue mountains, and lakes, she has the raw material of splendid pictorial effects, especially in glorious autumn, of which excellent use is made by the artist.

The "Holiday Whitaker"

I feel bound to say a word on behalf of the *Holiday Whitaker* (Whitaker: 1*s.*). Not only does this little book tell you the names of all the places you might conceivably think of visiting, and all about them, it also gives you a pictorial idea of what they look like. This is of immense help to the wretched holiday-hunter, who likes the name of the place and knows its map-whereabouts, but has only the guide-book's verbal evidence as to its natural beauties — not the trustiest of recommendations. It is quite refreshing, by the way, to find such places, in a *Holiday Whitaker*, as Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and—London. Yes, London! And why not? What holiday could the Londoner take to compare in interest and instruction with that which he could spend in London? But a word of protest. Why is Manchester not mentioned in the list of holiday resorts—Manchester, which has the Midland Hotel?

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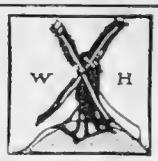

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The season is at last securely launched, and we are all well in the maelstrom of social doings, a mad, wild time that whirls us along in an unceasing flow of functions that are as varied as they are exhausting. My own aspirations are particularly aspiring, since they are concentrated in a desire to experience a trip in a balloon. Continual motoring is rapidly exhausting the earth, so there is nothing for it but to examine the skies. The expanse certainly seems illimitable; anyhow, it will be reserved for another generation to arrive at its limits, supposing there are any. Meanwhile,

Summer Clothes

are portraying a more than exceptional amount of charm, especially those that assume a certain air of simplicity.

The washing frock, as was prophesied, is in extensive evidence, and it will take long to exhaust the range of kimonos, *fichus*, and pinafore corsages, the which play so conspicuous a rôle in its success. We have assuredly had nothing prettier or more becoming for years than these frame-like bodices, supplemented by dainty lingerie sleeves and chemisettes. The scope for variety is illimitable, consequently it is the exception to meet a design done to death. Right royally, in fact, has the fraternity of *modistes* met the opportunity, each one working out her own sartorial salvation on a completely individually inspired basis. In the lingerie addition alone there is a wealth of choice, from the plainest tucked lawn to a bewilderment of elaboration effected in several qualities of lace.

As a finish to the waist, I personally prefer the sterner type of belt, built of suède, embroidered by linen or kid; while the very last thought in this regard is of straw, hand-plaited and finished with a straw buckle.

Deftly manipulated belts of taffeta also form a significant item on many of the smartest fête gowns of ninon, muslin, and painted chiffon, a leading feature in these comprising lightly twisted *rouleaux*, and long ends falling to one side of the back. With these the *arrière* aspect is everything, whereas with the plainer, more utilitarian belts, described above, the buckle worn at the back is just about as *démodé* as anything can be.

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A Knockabout Country Suit

(Sketched at Nicoll's by Dorothy Millar)

A Charming Fête and Reception Toilette
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar at Peter Robinson's)

jointed handle, the second joint whereof occurs at the summit of the stick, and so enables the frame to be set at any angle desired, the parasol thus acting as a screen, a possession most acceptable in these days of irrepressible dust. A picture of this handy collapsible revival is shown here, effected in *glacé*, ornamented with two gathered frills of the same. There are various other presentments of more elaborate order, but the *glacé* creation has the merit of extreme usefulness, and is, moreover, only 15*s.* 9*d.* in price.

In the companion model there is revealed the fashionable dome lining of lace—black Chantilly in the particular example illustrated—allied to a deep border of gauged white chiffon, narrowly ruched with black chiffon, the whole mounted into a covering of white moiré antique, fitted to a white enamel stick that is surmounted by a cut-crystal ball.

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In pronouncing the fiat that this renowned Regent Street establishment is surpassing all previous efforts in the matter of exquisite fête and reception toilettes, one is making a very big pronouncement. It is, nevertheless, emphatically true, as the solitary instance here disclosed evidences. No matter what our artist puts into her sketch, it is an almost impossible feat to pictorially afford full value to such a model. The colour of the ninon itself, an imperceptible pink, supplies the initial distraction, succeeded by an artistically painted design of roses in pastel shade, held together by pale blue Louis bows. On the corsage a deep falling *fichu* arrangement of fine Alençon lace is disposed over draperies of the painted chiffon, outlined at the inner edge by a narrow hem of silver tissue, and apparently continued below the slightly raised waist at the back, in the form of a long broad sash-end, ornamented at the hem with inset *motifs* of the painted chiffon. The folded waist belt is of black satin, and is largely responsible for the delightfully *svelte* appearance presented by the figure, that is tastefully repeated in one of the small *cloche* hats of black clear net, the brim narrowly hemmed with velvet, and slightly rolled up from the face, and the crown trimmed with light folds of tulle and a single large osprey.

A particular *cachet*, furthermore, characterises the evening gowns, the governing minds at Messrs. Peter Robinson's electing to follow the feminine demand for simple silhouette expressed in superfine fabrics rather than in elaborate ornamentation. An adorable idea is a clinging unadorned skirt of pale rose petal pink Liberty satin, surmounted by a short waist bolero corsage of pink chiffon, decked with little tight pale blue silk bows and silver lace. Then are there some delicious frocks for young girls fashioned of poplin in white and a long range of colours, the bodices opening on lace chemisettes, and lined silk throughout, that are offered at the mere bagatelle of six and a half guineas.

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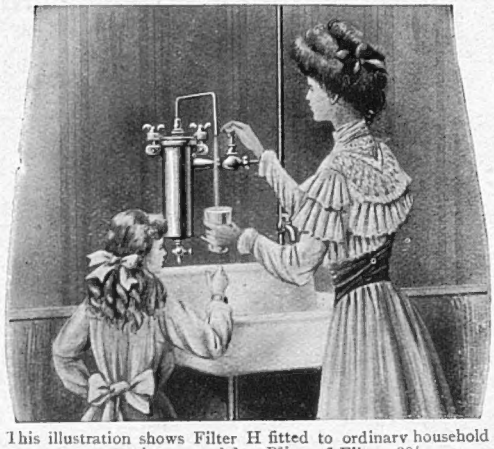

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